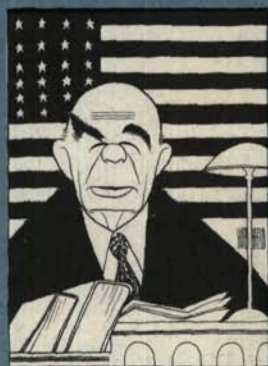


The American Mercury

MAY 1949

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MEMORIES OF THE FAT YEARS

Waverley Root

SLUDGED BLOOD

Milton L. Zisowitz

THE BRIDEGROOM CAME TH NOT

Stewart H. Holbrook

THE THEATRE *George Jean Nathan* • DOWN TO EARTH *Alan Devoe*

Mercury Reappraisals...

THE AMERICAN MERCURY prints more Americana than any other magazine of general circulation in the country. It has always sung the glories of our land. While THE MERCURY has never fallen prey to chauvinism, it has also never succumbed to the occasionally fashionable plague of national self-degradation.

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In addition to these articles, there will be several other features, and also the following departments: The Theatre, The Library, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and The Check List.

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The American Mercury

THE MAN WHO STOPPED JOHN L. LEWIS

BY

FRED RODELL

BACK to the time when St. Luke said, "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge," plain people have cast a leery eye at the rigmarole and the fancy double-talk that surround what has been called "the hocus-pocus science" of law. The average man hears of cases where an average man unwittingly gets caught in some legal labyrinth and common-sense justice is denied him because the law is against him. He hears too of cases where slick operators with slicker lawyers get away with figurative or literal murder under the law. He often wonders why lawyers and judges can't talk straight English and dis-

pense straight justice. "Now if I were only a judge," he sometimes muses.

If the average man were a judge. . . . Up against the threat of an immediate strike in a big nation-wide industry, he might cut through the jungles of legal technicalities that snarled up his power to act, on the simple theory that "these strikes against society must stop." Faced with a parental fight over the custody of a child and a legal rule that demanded giving the child to the wrong parent, he might hold: "I consider the welfare of this child to be the primary consideration, not something printed in a lawbook." Confronted with a labor union and an employer,

FRED RODELL is a professor of law at Yale. He is the author of *Woe Unto You, Lawyers and other books*, and he has also written extensively for magazines. His last appearance in the *MERCURY* was in January 1947, when he contributed a profile of Senator Vandenberg.

both bitter to slug out their differences in court, he might by-pass the pending trial by calling the parties together informally and helping them reach a sensible settlement without going to law. If the average man were a judge, he might tell an attorney who was badgering a witness with an intricate legal question, "This Court couldn't answer it either"; he might kid a lawyer who had pontificated about "an unincorporated entity" by repeating in reply, "an unincorporated entity, whatever that may be"; he might even refer to a particularly nauseating defendant, right in court, as "this son-of-a-bitch."

T. Alan Goldsborough — who has done all these things and who regularly comports himself in like unjudgelike fashion — is no average man. He is the chief motions judge of the Federal District Court for the District of Columbia, now in his tenth year on the bench after 38 years of practicing law. In fact, to hear him tell it, he is so steeped in the law that he has come full circle to where he can slough off "the damned jargon of legalistic mumbo-jumbo" and handle cases in just such a down-to-earth manner as might a layman. Whatever self-identifying satisfaction a layman may get out of Judge Goldsborough's scorn for conventional judicial behavior is not shared by the legal profession. Attorneys, deploring his frequent impatience with their fine-spun lawyerly arguments, have freely called him "fuzzy-minded," "unpredictable," "a terrible judge."

Appellate courts have lectured him — as for the son-of-a-bitch epithet — in reversing his decisions. One lawyer complains that he decides cases "without benefit of counsel." Another, bemoaning his judicial unorthodoxies, says, "There may be no sense to the Episcopal ritual but it's damned hard to conduct a church without it." All this fraternal grouching, with its traitor-to-his-trade tinge, merely rounds out the picture of the rarity that is Goldsborough — a real-life judge who acts like an embodiment of the average man in robes.

As every newspaper reader is aware, Judge Goldsborough's professional nonconformities are scarcely his sole distinction. It was not because he is a judicial sport that he was recently described as "hotter news than Congress or the Supreme Court." Ever since he first cracked down on John L. Lewis in November 1946 the Judge has been handling front-page legal stuff with a frequency to make a headline writer wish he bore a shorter name. He has twice stopped national coal strikes single-handed and sent 400,000 coal miners back to the pits — in 1946, by soaking the United Mine Workers and their leader, Lewis, with the largest fine ever paid for any reason by any defendant in a Federal court; and in 1948, by exactly doubling the ante. Last June, he prevented a probable third national coal strike — this time by blasting the coal operators when they tried to tie up the miners' welfare fund in legal red tape. Later in the summer, he

kept at work the 40,000 miners in the steel companies' vital "captive" coal mines by talking turkey to both sides, informally in his chambers, until they signed a contract. Likewise nipped in the bud by Goldsborough last year was a strike that would have crippled the nation's entire transportation system, when he ordered 190,000 railway engineers, firemen, and switchmen to stay on the job or risk the kind of seven-figure fine that brought the miners to heel. Among numerous incidental Goldsborough injunctions issued during the same period, one ordered Attorney-General Tom Clark not to deport five Communists, including Gerhard Eisler, without giving them a fair hearing; another forbade the District of Columbia's Democratic Committee to hold an election of convention delegates until it gave several members of the liberal organization, Americans for Democratic Action, a place on the ballot. Like the railway workers, Clark and the D. C. Committee obeyed.

II

The man who so matter-of-factly orders around labor leaders, corporation heads, cabinet members, and political bosses does not suggest in his person the power that he wields or the uncommon way that he wields it. He looks like a 71-year-old ex-congressman from Maryland's Eastern Shore, which he is. His face combines flashes of Lewis Stone and of Knobby Walsh. His manner is old-school but more earthy than courtly; profanity

punctuates his soft-spoken sentences; an air of reserve is shattered at intervals by a gleaming grin. But the flavor of the man and the quality of the judge are best revealed out of his own mouth. Here he is laying down the law *à la* Goldsborough to John L. Lewis last spring, speaking his formal opinion off-the-cuff as is his nearly unique judicial custom:

Gentlemen, the matter before the Court this morning is the verdict of the Court on the contempt proceedings which were tried in this Court last week and concluded, I believe, on Thursday morning.

This controversy arose upon the question of pensions to miners. The United Mine Workers of America and its President, Mr. Lewis, desired that the miners who had been employed for 20 years and were 60 years old should have a pension of \$100 a month regardless of whether or not they were presently employed.

The Court, of course, thinks that that was a worthy objective and if that was the matter before the Court it would receive very sympathetic consideration. But that is not the matter before the Court. The matter before the Court is whether or not the defendants refused to obey a lawful order of this Court. . . . [The order was not to strike.]

But the defendants' contention is this: That the First and the Thirteenth Amendments were violated because, as a matter of fact, no strike was called, no strike existed. These men, it is contended, did, as individuals, what they had a right to do, work or not to work, and they decided not to work.

Now, we have to consider the validity of that claim objectively. If a nod or a wink or a code was used in place of the word "strike," there was just as much a strike called as if the word "strike" had been used. Now let us see. In the letter of February 2 to the signatories to the

National Bituminous Coal Agreement the following words were used:

"The United Mine Workers of America therefore now advise you as a signatory to the agreement that it reserves the right at will to take any independent action necessary to the enforcement of the contract."

What independent action could be taken by them, except strike? Now in the letter of March 12 they say:

"The winter is now gone; this office proposes to go forward in requiring the coal operators to honor their agreement."

Go forward in what way? Any other way except strike? . . .

And then this Court believes that there is a principle of law which, as far as I know, no Court has ever been called upon to announce, because this use of a code in order for a union to avoid responsibility is a new thing. It is a new method of endeavoring to avoid responsibility.

The Court thinks the principle is this: that as long as a union is functioning as a union it must be held responsible for the mass action of its members. It is perfectly obvious not only in objective reasoning but because of experience that men don't act collectively without leadership. The idea of suggesting that from 350,000 to 450,000 men would all get the same idea at once, independently of leadership, and walk out of the mines, is of course simply ridiculous.

This sort of plain talk — with its colloquialisms, its comprehensibility, its building of legal rules out of horse sense without citing a single old case to support them — is as radical a departure from regular legalese as it is characteristic of Goldsborough. Later in the same opinion he remarked, "The Court also thinks it is not all-wise" — which comes close to judicial heresy. The same kind of off-hand

candor peppers Goldsborough's free-wheeling comments from the bench, regardless of the importance of the case he is hearing. He told an attorney, during the first Lewis trial, "If you know the exact difference between a civil and a criminal contempt, you are the only person in the United States who does." He brushed off objections to the payment of Lewis' personal fine by a United Mine Workers check with a casual, "Well, if a buddy wants to pay my bill, that's all right I guess." Lawyers may wince at the way Goldsborough operates but they have had to concede, of late, that he gets results. Says one: "He handled Lewis, from start to finish, better than a smarter judge could have handled him."

Not unaware of the lawyers' gibes, but fortified with a scrapbook that teems with clippings of praise from the press, Goldsborough is frank to rate popular above professional approval. "A judge with a public case," he says, "has a hell of a responsibility to make plain to the *public* what he's doing and why." The public understood and the press applauded when he stopped the 1946 coal strike on the simple and quite unlegalistic ground that the strike was "an evil, demoniac, monstrous thing . . . a threat to democratic government itself." And last summer, when he sided for a change with John L. Lewis in refusing to freeze the miners' welfare fund on a technicality urged by the operators, he said that the proposed \$100-a-month payments to retired

miners were "to prevent them from being an object of charity in their old age — to give them a little dignity — to let them hold their heads up." For this, the New York *Times* tossed him an editorial bouquet: "Justice Goldsborough's opinions from the Federal bench are habitually illuminated by some touch of humanity that makes the whole case clear."

"Society's judge," as *Time* has called him, cares less and less, as his scrapbook grows, what the lawyers think of him.

III

T. (for grandfather Thomas) Alan (for grandfather Alan) Goldsborough was born in 1877 in the little town of Greensboro, Maryland — of a family as long- and well-known in the Free State as the Calverts and the Carrolls; one of his great-great-grandfathers sat in the Continental Congress. At the age of two, baby Alan was taken to China by his father, then American consul at Amoy, but he was soon back on the Eastern Shore, which has been his home ever since. Reared there by his grandfather, a story-book country doctor, Goldsborough still bores his family and friends with rambling and constantly repeated "home-folk" yarns, stemming from that stage of his boyhood.

Next to these twice-told tales, what the Judge remembers best about his youth is baseball — for the Eastern Shore is great baseball country and has produced such famed sluggers as "Home-run" Baker and Jimmy

Foxx. By the time Goldsborough got to Washington College, at Chestertown, Maryland, he was good enough to captain, in 1899, what he now calls "the greatest amateur ball team that ever took the field." Since his small-college club, on which he played second base and batted .350, eventually sent catcher Zearfoss to the Giants, pitcher Townsend to the Pirates, center-fielder Smoot to the Cardinals, and shortstop Nichols and pitcher Burriss to the Athletics, Goldsborough may not be indulging in nostalgic exaggeration.

Off the diamond, young Goldsborough worked so hard at Washington College's "killing course" — an old-style classical curriculum which required Latin, Greek and astronomy — that he led his class, wore his six-foot frame down to 116 pounds in the process, and found law school, to which he headed after graduating, such a cinch by comparison that he polished off three years' worth of law study in two. Then in 1901 he hung out his shingle in Denton, Maryland, not far from Greensboro, and practiced law there — "everything in the book but patent law" — for 38 years. He still keeps the old suite of offices which house his big law library; and his real home, in which he now can spend only summers, weekends, and family-reunion Christmases, is still in Denton, its lawns sloping down to the Choptank River, its flower gardens the pride of the former Laura Hall, whom he married in 1909.

Life with Goldsborough in the

Denton days was an Eastern Shore version of Life with Father — except that the future judge could have given Clarence Day's Father cards and spades at swearing. Mrs. Goldsborough was barely a bride when her husband went downstairs one night to fix the furnace, hit his head on a pipe, and sent his lady's primary education in profanity off to a polysyllabic start. She has never minded; "he swears to music," she says with indulgent pride. As the children came along — two daughters and two sons — Goldsborough played effortlessly the rôle of gruff but kindly disciplinarian. Promptness, at meals and elsewhere, was — and still is — a fetish; the boys had to wear ties and coats to table; the girls had no unchaperoned dates until they were seventeen, and later had to keep a rigid curfew hour. But they still remember their father's bedtime stories of a Goldsborough-like family that lived on a high hill and was somehow in league with the friendly Brownies. Old-fashioned by instinct, Goldsborough turned the air ultramarine when his wife first tentatively suggested cutting her hair short; when she did it anyway, he said not a word in reproach. Nothing has ever brought out the Goldsborough talent for tall cussing so fast as discourtesy or unchivalry to women.

IV

Until he went up to Congress, Goldsborough's only public office was as State's Attorney for Caroline County, an elective post he had held from

1903 to 1907. But the variety and success of his private practice had carried his name all over Eastern Maryland. Hence in 1920, on his first try and despite the Republican landslide, the state's conservative farming First District elected Democrat Goldsborough to the House for the first of ten consecutive terms. He was, in fact, the only Democrat in the entire U. S. who that year defeated an incumbent Republican congressman. "I went in with Harding," he says, "and watched the country go to hell for three administrations. All because the Republicans lacked social consciousness. They worshipped the damn dollar."

The "damn dollar" has always been much on Goldsborough's mind. A former director of four banks, his intellectual hobby is banking and its relation to the monetary system, which he blames for all our economic ills. Throughout his entire time in Congress, he served by choice on the House Banking and Currency Committee, rising to become its ranking member. Although none of the many bills he sponsored ever became law, the House in 1932 — to the alarm of conservative observers — passed a Goldsborough bill, directing the Federal Reserve to raise commodity prices to pre-depression levels by deflating the dollar through redoubled credit expansion. Another pet proposal of his was a sort of sales tax in reverse, whereby the consumer would pay, say, only 80¢ for a \$1 purchase, the 20 per cent discount then to be

passed on back by the retailer to his local bank and thence to the Treasury, where it would somehow be absorbed in interbank credits, with nobody the poorer.

In 1933, Goldsborough helped push through Federal Deposit Insurance, which he had favored since pre-Roosevelt days; he did it by bottling up Senator Glass' banking bill in the House Committee until Glass, who was luke-warm to the idea, added the FDIC to his bill. Two years later, Goldsborough renewed his feud with the Senator by putting on a one-man filibuster against another banking bill sponsored by Glass — who, according to Goldsborough today, "wasn't a monetary expert by a million miles." When he charged that Glass and his Senate subcommittee were dominated by such sinister "influences" as "Wall Street and the great New York bankers," four senators refused to sit in joint conference with Goldsborough until he made a semi-retraction. Although the forthrightness of the present judge was already in evidence, he was known in Congress as a fist-clencher and table-thumper, by contrast to the judicial calmness of manner he exhibits nowadays.

Money was the theme of Goldsborough's 1939 valedictory to the House, in which he denied the existence of a national debt. "If our children and grandchildren owe this 'debt,'" he quipped, "they also own it." Since 1939, he says, he has read over 200 books on economics, bank-

ing and money; he likes Stuart Chase's stuff and credits Irving Fisher, "though too extreme," with "stirring people up." For some two years now, he has been predicting, eventually, "the worst damn depression ever known." He takes a sour view of U. S. loans for foreign purchases: "We've been trying to get rich by giving our wealth away. We don't know enough to distribute it to our own people." And with instalment credit soaring and "the banks on a lending spree, somebody's going to get scared. Then — Crash!"

Aside from his preoccupation with banking and currency, Goldsborough's long service in the House was rather undistinguished. Paradoxically in the light of later events, his record on labor legislation was one to delight a union partisan. As he took pains to point out during the first Lewis case, he voted for the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Act — the very law which he was to hold no protection to Lewis, insisting at the time, "If there is a greater friend of labor in this country, I cannot conceive of it." Congressman Goldsborough was also the only dry in the Maryland delegation, a fact which elevated many eyebrows when he once reported: "I spend about two days a month in making the rounds of the barber shops, the pool halls and the barrooms in Baltimore and Washington. I rub elbows with the common people. I talk with them."

He has abandoned this practice since becoming a judge.

v

When in 1939 President Roosevelt picked Goldsborough out of the House for one of three newly created lifetime jobs on the District Court for D. C., the choice was widely read as a reward for the Congressman's help in FDR's unsuccessful 1938 effort to purge Maryland's Senator Tydings. Goldsborough calls this "nonsense" and maintains he kept clear of the purge campaign. The fact is that Roosevelt did make an anti-Tydings speech in Goldsborough's home-town of Denton, presumably at Goldsborough's formal invitation; but the invitation may well have been sought, or even demanded, by FDR.

Though the new judge's official doings caught the early, if disapproving, attention of the bar, for several years they made the news but rarely. It was in the social-set squabble over the custody of Joan Manners Langan that he characteristically ignored what looked like settled law and awarded the child, as he thought best, to her father — one of his few precedent-defying decisions that was upheld on appeal. On another occasion, he twisted the law to let a foster-mother keep a baby she had not bothered to adopt legally. "But," said Goldsborough, dismissing the case, "she's the only mother the child has, isn't she?" It made headlines too when the Department of Justice, out to prosecute German agent George Sylvester Viereck, charged Golds-

borough with personal bias against the government and filed an "affidavit of prejudice" to force him not to sit on the case. This led the Judge to explode in Court: "You might as well get it through your head once and for all that no other judge in this court can try this case except me." But he later withdrew voluntarily.

Goldsborough has been charged with bias at other times, notably by anti-trust prosecutors who see some of his directed verdicts for defendants, in the past, as evidence of lack of sympathy with the anti-trust laws — or else, privately, of his inability to understand all the intricacies involved in proving an anti-trust violation. But John L. Lewis could hardly have charged Goldsborough with bias in 1946. For in 1945, the Judge had ruled squarely for Lewis when Ray Edmundson, a would-be Lewis rival for the presidency of the United Mine Workers, tried to enjoin a union election unless his name was put on the ballot. Questioned about the bias charges, Goldsborough points to the walls beside and behind his desk where hang framed testimonials from juries — composed of laymen, of course — that have sat under him. One of these obviously unsolicited letters begins: "We thought you would like to know our high regard for you during our jury service in your court for the last several weeks. . . ." Those weeks, says Goldsborough, include the time when the government was trying to force him off

the Viereck case — and the praise is accordingly pointed.

The government's attitude toward Goldsborough of late is somewhat different. But that he personally, of the twelve judges on his Court, should these days be called on so often to handle the big strike cases is not the government's deliberate doing — nor is it, as most reports have had it, sheer happenstance. Injunction suits are started before what is known as a "motions judge" — and on a Federal District Court there is only one motions judge at a time. Ordinarily, on Goldsborough's court, this motions judgeship would be rotated among the seven of the twelve Court members who hear civil — as opposed to criminal — cases. But most of Goldsborough's brethren dislike the motions job. And so Goldsborough, who dotes on it, manages to sit as sole motions judge for perhaps as much as half of every year, simply by taking on his fellow-judges' motions stints for them, in return for their taking over such work as jury cases for him. "A man can sit on the average jury case," says Goldsborough, "and go to sleep. There's life in motions work." There has also been in it, during recent years, publicity and prestige such as rarely come to any judge, much less one on the bottom rung of the Federal judiciary.

VI

The business of being a celebrity has not made the slightest change in Goldsborough's highly regular per-

sonal habits. He boasts that every working day — snow, rain, or muggy Washington heat — after a breakfast of lemon juice and a pint of milk, he walks the two-and-a-quarter miles from his Connecticut Avenue apartment to his chambers on the second floor of the Municipal Court Building. Mrs. Goldsborough, a vivacious lady of wit and charm, views her husband's matutinal hike with affectionate humor and has threatened some day to follow him in a taxi and see if he really walks all the way. However he gets there, the Judge, on mornings when he sits, is in the red leather armchair behind his bench punctually at ten — a flashy tie often showing at the throat of his black robe, his voice pitched so low it can scarcely be heard in the back of the dim-lighted oak-lined box of a courtroom. When court is not in session, he works at his cases, scribbling illegible notes with a stub pencil on a small thick pad, or carries on court business informally in his chambers. A glass of orange juice in mid-morning and a very light lunch sustain him until he goes home — usually on foot, he says — to a big dinner, meat and potatoes preferred. Most nights, he is "on" his bed early, deep in a whodunit — his only form of light reading. Often, he forages for a late snack of crackers and cheese, leaving the kitchen a mess. To this daily routine the Judge lays the fact that he has been away from court, sick, only four days in almost ten years.

Naturally at his age, Goldsbor-

ough's likes and dislikes are as solidly set as his schedule of living. His antipathies include Freud and all of psychiatry, cocktail canapés, card games, the radio, airplanes (he is afraid of flying), and a recent Republican candidate for President. He is deeply devoted to the Washington Senators baseball team and the Washington Redskins pro football team — and wishes he could get out to see them play more often than he does. Another favorite pastime is small-group singing around a piano, and he delights particularly to take off in his mellow baritone on either "Home on the Range" or "Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." The Judge is also widely supposed to enjoy the movies, for he frequents the Pix Theatre and others quite regularly. What he does, however, is pick a double or even triple feature, the duller the better, then ease himself into a pet seat in the back row of the balcony and fall sound asleep, sometimes to snore.

Still, Goldsborough's greatest love is his work. He says, with much

reason, that his court is "the most important trial court in the world" — nor does he have to add that he has become easily its most important member. More than that, he goes on, "No judge in the world is as independent as a United States district judge. He sits by himself" — on the higher Federal courts, several judges hear each case — "and he takes no dictation from anyone on earth." Gesturing across the street at "that damned mausoleum" where sits the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals — which has often dictated reversals of Goldsborough decisions — he insists he would turn down an appointment to the higher court. "There's more life here — and you run your own show."

Every once in so often, Judge Goldsborough leaves his own show and sneaks off on a sort of busman's holiday. He goes up to Baltimore and sits for hours as a spectator in court, listening to other trial judges perform. "What makes it more fun," he says with a grin, "is they don't even know who the hell I am."



HUNGARY: PATTERN OF SOVIET IMPERIALISM

BY NEAL STANFORD

THIS is a case study in the strategy and tactics of international Communism. The last chapters of this story are now being written in Hungary. But the story begins in 1945, before Nazi Germany fell.

At Yalta, Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt agreed that their governments would assist not only the people of liberated Europe, but also the "people of the former Axis satellite states," to solve by democratic means their pressing political and economic problems. They further agreed that each of the ex-enemy countries would be supervised by the three powers, acting jointly, and would be assisted in forming an interim democratic government to operate until the writing of a peace treaty.

In the meantime, however, an Armistice Agreement with Hungary had been concluded in Moscow, on January 20, 1945, with Soviet Marshal Voroshilov signing for the Big Three. Under this agreement, an Allied Control Commission for Hungary was created. The Soviet member was to be chairman, since the Red Army had fought its way across

Hungary, but action was to be taken jointly by the three-power commission.

From the very start the Soviet representatives made a policy of acting unilaterally in the name of the Commission, without consulting or notifying their British and American colleagues.

The Armistice Agreement gave the Soviet High Command a firm grip on Hungary's economy. It obligated Hungary to pay reparations, to provision the Red Army, and to place factories, transport and communications at the disposal of the Soviets.

The Soviet authorities did not hesitate to put their military powers to use in spreading Communism in Hungary. They took over censorship of all telegraph connections. They permitted criticisms of Britain and the United States to be broadcast, but none of the Soviet Union. They seized almost all of the newsprint in the country, and doled it out to deserving newspapers.

The presence of the Red Army in Hungary played its part in advancing Communist designs in Hungary. There were as many as a million

NEAL STANFORD, a foreign affairs specialist for the Christian Science Monitor, is a frequent contributor to the MERCURY. He reported a State Department survey on Russia in March.

Soviet troops in Hungary early in 1945, and they were withdrawn very slowly, despite protests from Britain and the United States. The USSR still has the right, under the Hungarian peace treaty negotiated in Paris two years ago, to keep troops in Hungary, the contention being they are needed to guard Soviet lines of communication with Austria. This threat of military force has been a principal instrument of Communist penetration of Hungary.

Politically, things went badly for the Communists at first. A provisional coalition government had been set up under Allied supervision before the fighting stopped. Its nucleus was the "Hungarian Front," an underground organization composed of the Communist, National Peasant, Social Democratic, and Smallholder parties of the resistance movement. It was later joined by the Bourgeois Democratic party.

The Communists were a small minority to begin with, but they were soon reinforced by refugee Hungarian Communists, trained in Moscow, who returned with the Red Army. Among these were Mátyás Rákosi, József Révai, Ernő Gerő, and Zoltán Vas. They were aided by money, propaganda literature, newsprint, and other supplies received from the Red Army. They had ready access to the Red Army command, and they soon organized into a powerful Communist fifth column.

In Budapest's first municipal election, in October 1945, the Commu-

nists were badly defeated. Rákosi immediately took off for Moscow, where he presumably explained the débâcle and got further instructions. On his return, the Communists succeeded in getting the other parties to agree to a coalition government, whatever would be the outcome of the next election.

Those elections, held on November 4, 1945, were relatively free and orderly. They resulted in another defeat for the Communists, who got only 17 per cent of the votes, while the Smallholders party garnered 57 per cent.

II

In January 1946 a republic of Hungary was established, and on February 1, 1946, Zoltán Tildy of the Smallholders party became President. The Prime Minister was Ferenc Nagy, another Smallholders leader.

However, in accordance with the pre-election agreement it was necessary to distribute cabinet posts among the principal parties in the coalition, which were:

The Communist Party: dominated by Soviet agents.

The Social Democrats: the non-revolutionary Marxist party, generally known as "Socialists," which first cooperated with, and then was absorbed into, the Communist Party.

The National Peasants: A radical agrarian party, ideologically acceptable to the Communists, and considered by many as merely a wing of that Party.

The Smallholders: A progressive democratic farmers' party with an anti-totalitarian philosophy, which became the "right wing" of the coalition government.

The Communists immediately took advantage of the coalition agreement to work for the destruction of the Smallholders party and the seizure of power. Their first goal, while remaining within legal bounds, was to gain control of the country's police.

The important post of Ministry of Interior, which controls the police and security agencies, was to have gone to a member of the Smallholders party. However, on direct orders from Moscow the post was assigned to the Communist Party. This was the first of five steps taken, following the elections, in the Communists' program of seizing power in the country.

The Communist Minister of Interior immediately got busy. Taking advantage of the anti-fascist sentiment in the country, he began labeling anti-Communist officials of the government and army as "fascists." These men were discharged and replaced by Communists.

Members of the Smallholders party, as was to be expected, were the principal victims. Twenty-one Smallholders deputies were charged with conspiring against the government. Moscow intimated that harmonious Soviet-Hungarian relations depended on the removal of these men. They were finally expelled from the Smallholders party.

The Communists' second step was

to break up the coalition they had insisted be formed by organizing a leftist bloc within it. They formed an alliance with the National Peasant party and the Social Democrats, and this bloc gradually took control of the coalition.

At the same time, they continued working to disorganize the Smallholders party by promoting internal dissension. For example, they sponsored the so-called "O Group" within the Smallholders party. This group proceeded to cooperate with the Communists, presumably on promises of future support and power.

In March 1946, the Communist offensive went into its third phase. This was the instigation of civil, economic and political disorder to embarrass the Smallholders party.

The Communists organized strikes and threatened other strikes. They had gained control of the major labor unions in the country through agreements with the Social Democrats, particularly the transport workers' union. The unions were used to intimidate the non-Communist members of the Cabinet. Since the police were controlled by the Communists, they could not be relied on to maintain order. The Communists made it clear that the strikes were being used as a political weapon, saying as much to the American Minister in Budapest.

These strikes were coupled with the first open attacks on Hungary's religious organizations. On June 28, 1946, the Soviet Chairman of the

Allied Control Commission, without consulting the British or American representatives, and in violation of the Yalta agreement, demanded the dissolution of certain religious organizations, mainly Roman Catholic. The charge was that they were acting against the security of the country.

With Moscow and the Red Army backing up the demand, the Hungarian government complied, but only after the majority Smallholders party had split further over this question of appeasing Russia. That split further weakened the Smallholders party, as the dissident members were expelled.

The Communists also acted to weaken the country's economy. An unfavorable trade agreement consigned a large part of Hungary's exports to the Soviet Union. Moscow continued collecting war booty and reparations by taking whole factories and factory equipment to the USSR. The Red Army's requisitions for support resulted in a growing deficit in the national budget. Finally, in January 1946, the Communists got control of all economic ministries with the appointment of the Moscow-trained Communist, Zoltán Vas, as chief of the Economic Supreme Council.

III

The Communists were now ready for step four — open terror. Resorting to one of the oldest of Communist tricks, they discovered a "conspiracy against the government."

On January 5, 1947, the Ministry of Interior issued an official communiqué charging several members of the Smallholders and other anti-Communist parties with planning an armed conspiracy against the republic. Several members of the Smallholders party, thus accused, were dropped from the party, arrested, and put on trial. Béla Kovács, secretary of the Smallholders party, was also implicated, but as a member of Parliament was immune to arrest.

The Communists immediately began clamoring for his expulsion from the party so that he could be arrested. The Soviet authorities, however, moved in quickly, seizing Béla Kovács on the absurd charge that he was plotting against the Soviet Army. This was done without the knowledge of the British or American members on the Allied Control Commission, who later protested that it was a gross violation of Yalta. In a strong note denouncing the one-sided Communist investigation of the alleged plot, and the packing of the court to try the case, the United States charged "that minority groups under the leadership of the Hungarian Communist Party are attempting to seize power through resort to extra-constitutional tactics." The Soviet Union ignored the American and British protests.

Meantime, Ferenc Nagy, the Hungarian Prime Minister, was doing his best to keep the coalition working to prevent even more direct intervention by the Soviets into government

affairs. He was being pressed not only by the leftists in Hungary, but also by Soviet Ambassador Pushkin, who complained about the "cold" attitude of the Hungarian government toward the USSR.

The farcical nature of the alleged conspiracy was disclosed during the trials, when one of the accused, Pálint Arany, declared in court that the "confession" he had signed implicating himself in the "conspiracy" had been obtained from him under torture in prison. The trial was immediately interrupted and Arany was removed. He appeared in court several days later, a broken man. At the end of the trial, several of the alleged conspirators were sentenced to death, others to prison. Later, another group of 25 "conspirators" was also sentenced to prison.

Following these trials, the terror campaign subsided for a time, and Prime Minister Nagy, who had yielded to so many Soviet demands, went on a vacation to Switzerland. In his absence the Soviet Chairman of the Allied Control Commission notified the Hungarian Cabinet that Béla Kovács' testimony had implicated Nagy in the "anti-Soviet plot."

The Cabinet, with Rákosi presiding, decided to ask Nagy to return at once, but at the same time his office was raided, his files seized, and his confidential secretary, Dr. Kapócs, was arrested. Meanwhile, Nagy's three-year-old son was being held a hostage.

Nagy, still in Switzerland, was

informed that if he resigned, his son would be safely "returned," but that if he came back to Hungary he would be arrested himself. Nagy resigned after his son had been delivered to him at the Swiss-Austrian border.

This campaign of terror now made possible the fifth step in the Communists' design to seize power in Hungary. The Hungarian Cabinet was reorganized and more pro-Soviet members brought in. American and British protests on Soviet interference in Hungarian affairs, and demands for investigation, were rejected by the USSR. A campaign was begun to "legalize" Communist control of Hungary through a rigged election.

That campaign, in the summer of 1947, was extremely bitter. Afraid to risk free elections, the Communists resorted to fraud and intimidation openly. Two Hungarian Communists, Farkas and Kádár, were sent to Rumania and Bulgaria to study the methods of conducting the sort of elections the Communists had successfully used in those countries.

Meanwhile, the Communists did everything possible to embarrass the opposition parties and leaders. They infiltrated the printing staff of the Freedom party paper and prevented its publication. Through their skill at parliamentary procedure, they were able to block the party's leader, Sulyok, from speaking in the National Assembly. They beat up the Independence party leader, Pfeiffer, in full view of the Communist-dominated police, so badly that he was

hospitalized for a long time. The Communist newspapers, meanwhile, blanketed the nation with reports of how quiet and orderly everything was.

The most flagrant abuse of the electoral campaign was the disfranchisement of qualified voters by the Communists. Lists of eligible voters were drawn up by government authorities under the supervision of the Communists. Published on August 18, 1947, these left out whole blocks of the city of Budapest, while listing on it hundreds who had died long ago.

Protests were immediately made. The Smallholders newspaper *Kis Újság* exposed the fraud, only to have that entire issue confiscated. It later printed the names of qualified but disfranchised voters; that issue also was confiscated before it could reach the streets. Finally, on election day, August 31, 1947, whole truckloads of Communists were rushed from one place of voting to another, and voted as often as time permitted.

IV

The election results showed how little appeal the Communists had for the Hungarian people. Despite all the frauds in voting, the ballots cast for the Communists and the rest of the leftist bloc still showed very little gain. The Smallholders party suffered a loss, as was to be expected, but the real gainers were the parties opposed to the coalition. These opposition parties won nearly 40 per

cent of the total vote; two years before they had garnered only about 2 per cent.

This vote of protest against the coalition government, which had been forged into a tool of the Communists by trickery and violence, made it obvious that in an honest election, with the full participation of qualified voters, the Communists would have suffered a resounding defeat.

The election was immediately denounced by right-wing members of the Social Democratic and Smallholders parties. The Smallholders party, in fact, scheduled a meeting to debate the desirability of a formal protest. But as the day for the meeting approached, the left-wing members of the party sent telegrams to the right-wing members announcing (untruthfully) that the meeting was postponed. The right-wingers finally learned of this attempt to keep them from attending, and the resulting indignation nearly led to violence. President Tildy, himself, had to intervene to prevent trouble.

In the end, only two protests were filed against the election—one by the Bourgeois Democratic party and one by the Calvinist Church. Later, it is reported, the Bourgeois Democrats withdrew their protest under the threat of having newsprint for their paper cut off.

A new Cabinet was formed on September 24, 1947. All coalition parties were represented, although three positions previously held by

Smallholders party members were abolished. Dinnyés, an opportunist Smallholders party member, continued as Prime Minister, but he remained a complete puppet. The two deputy Prime Ministers were Mátyás Rákosi, the principal Communist in Hungary, and Árpád Szakasits, a left-wing Social Democrat. The three parties in the leftist bloc had 73 per cent of the posts. The Communist Party, which, despite all the fraud, had received only 22 per cent of the popular vote, got 33 per cent of the Cabinet posts. That proved quite adequate for complete control, as events soon showed.

A reign of terror against Pfeiffer's Independence party now started. The party headquarters were raided and its parliamentary mandates were protested. Finally, Pfeiffer, who had been pleading his case before the courts, fled the country after Prime Minister Dinnyés suggested that he "retire" from public life. Shortly thereafter, the funds of the party were confiscated, and its leaders resigned. The party went out of existence in November 1947.

Having eliminated the Independence party, the Communists next began an offensive against its ally, the Social Democratic party, demanding expulsion of its right-wing members. On June 12, 1948, the Social Democratic party, already weakened by purges, voted to merge with the newly formed Hungarian Workers' (Communist) party.

This was followed by another purg-

ing of the army and civil service. Anti-Communist officers and employees were suddenly accused of speculation or malfeasance, and disappeared quietly from the scene.

Now the Communists moved in on the freedoms of speech and press. A government decree of September 23, 1947, provides that books, periodicals and journals may be printed only with the permission of the Ministry of Interior. Decree No. 34, promulgated in December 1947, provides for as much as five years imprisonment for anyone who, in the presence of two or more persons, utters a statement that might disturb political or economic order, or endanger international relations; the truth of the statement is not necessarily a sufficient defense. These decrees violate the Hungarian Peace Treaty, which states that "Hungary shall take all measures necessary to secure to all persons under Hungarian jurisdiction without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion the enjoyment of human rights and of fundamental freedom including freedom of expression, of press and publication, of religious worship, of political opinion and of public meeting."

These decrees also violate Law 1—1946, the basic law of the Hungarian Republic, which declares in its preamble that free expression of opinion is one of the rights of man.

Meanwhile, two opposition newspapers, *Holnap* and *Ellenzék*, were

extinguished, and others were hampered in their publication. As for radio, the broadcasting network of the nation is controlled by a company called Központi Híradó, whose general manager, a Communist, permits no criticism of the Communist Party.

v

By the fall of 1948 the domestic and Moscow-trained Communists had won complete control of Hungary. They had taken over the government, purged the Army and civil service, eliminated any effective political opposition. They had ended even the pretense of freedom of speech and press. Their next move was to close in on religious freedom, for the churches were now the only voices remaining which opposed Communism's mounting restrictions on freedom and the individual. The arrest and trial of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, which has been condemned everywhere outside the Iron Curtain as a travesty on justice, has now completed the Communist at-

tack upon Hungary's independence.

While the Communists were seizing control of Hungary by fraud, terror and trickery, the Soviet Union was helping to keep it weak, bankrupt and defenseless. Moscow's exploitation of Hungary may be summarized in terms of four major avenues toward penetration and domination: (1) the stripping of the Hungarian economy through looting, reparations, and requisitions; (2) the seizing of various enterprises under arbitrary interpretation of the Potsdam Agreement, the Peace Treaty and other documents; (3) the establishing of specially privileged joint Soviet-Hungarian companies; (4) the securing of control over Hungary's foreign trade.

This is the record of the techniques and tactics of Soviet imperialism as they have been directed to exploiting and subjugating Hungary. It is a story not only of what can happen, but what has happened, to other small states in the path of an aggressor. And it is a lesson to what remains of the free world.



THE CASE FOR POLYGYNY

BY RALPH LINTON

EVERY war leaves as one of its troublesome aftermaths the problem of what to do with women who have lost their husbands or who cannot find one. Thanks to the comparatively small number of casualties suffered by the United States during the last conflict, this problem is less acute for us than for most of the other combatants. However, we already have a surplus of women in our population and it seems certain that this surplus will increase, wars or no wars. The problem of the unattached woman is already with us and will become more pressing as time goes on.

Optimists who believe that the much-advertised emancipation of modern women will take care of everything are missing the point. The old maid or widow may have better economic opportunities and greater freedom in our society than her Victorian prototype enjoyed, but the problem is not primarily one of economics or even of sexual deprivation. A job, matinee tickets and even an occasional weekend incognito are poor substitutes for a home and hus-

band. They cannot provide the emotional security and perfected response which are the richest dividends of a successful marriage. To make the problem more acute, the American pattern of small isolated family units leaves the unmarried woman of today worse off in certain respects than her Victorian sister. The Maiden Aunt might be a pathetic and even ridiculous figure, but she at least had an assured place in the scheme of things. When kin obligations extended to second and third cousins, she was certain to be included in some functioning family group, and her rights and duties in this group were defined by long-established custom. Her prospects might be bleak, but they were still considerably better than those of the modern unmarried woman facing a solitary old age on social security.

Marriage and the family are foci of strong emotions in all societies. It is difficult for the social scientist to study them with real detachment. For him to expect such detachment from his audience is simply naïve.

RALPH LINTON is the Sterling Professor of Anthropology at Yale. He is a former president of the American Anthropological Association, a former editor of the *American Anthropologist*, and the author of many books and magazine articles. He last appeared in the *MERCURY* with an essay on "The Vanishing American Negro" (February 1947).

However, an anthropologist may be permitted to point out that the problem of what to do with surplus women is by no means unique to our own society, and that a number of other societies have dealt with it in various ways. He may even suggest that if we view these ways as so many social experiments, we may find their results instructive.

All societies in which men make war or engage in other extra-hazardous activities are subject to at least temporary imbalance of the sexes. When this condition is constant and predictable, it seems to be met in a surprisingly small number of ways. First, a society can re-establish the balance by female infanticide, a rare method and one with obvious disadvantages for any group in need of cannon fodder. Second, the surplus women can be withdrawn from family life and ordinary social relations by dedicating them to the service of the supernatural either as nuns, as in Christianity, Buddhism and Taoism, or, more picturesquely, as Temple Prostitutes. Third, the surplus can be taken care of by legalized polygyny.¹

The last is by far the commonest method. Most of the world's societies permit plural wives, and a substantial majority of them regard this as the most desirable form of marriage. Comparative studies show that our own society is one of the very few

which insists on monogamy while making no formal provision for taking care of its surplus women. Most societies regard them quite frankly as a threat to the vested interests of wives, and do their best to eliminate them.

When we turn to our own problem, the first of the three methods cited above may be ruled out without discussion. Infanticide not only violates most of the humanitarian values which we recognize, but it is also of questionable long-range value. Withdrawal of the surplus women from circulation is much more in line with our society's ideals, but as a technique for meeting our own problem it has one decided drawback. Wherever this method has been used, the social position of the women has been guarded by supernatural sanctions and their deprivations compensated for by anticipation of rewards in a future life. Barring the return of an age of faith, it seems unlikely that most of the surplus women in our society would prove cooperative.

II

The third method, polygyny, is by far the commonest and seems to function successfully under a great variety of conditions. Most Americans have a half-knowledge of the workings of this institution, which is worse than none. To understand its actual operation one must begin by discounting both the Hollywood and the missionary versions. The picture of the polygynous husband lolling beside a

¹ Polygyny is the technical term for plurality of wives. The more familiar term polygamy means simply plurality of mates.

swimming pool seething with seductive young females eager to gratify his every wish is simply one more technicolor extravaganza. It bears as much relation to reality as the other favorite Hollywood theme of the little country girl who wanders into a night club the size of Grand Central station and becomes a star in ten minutes. Even to approach the moving-picture ideal one would have to be a sultan with an ample budget, and in the present state of the world a sultan who wishes to remain one and to keep his budget ample has little time for lolling.

Missionary accounts of the working of plural marriage are likely to be quite as unrealistic. Even if one discounts the psychological factors made familiar by the immortal Sadie Thompson, the average missionary views all native institutions with a jaundiced eye. They are part of a way of life which he is doing his best to stamp out (and which he is being paid to stamp out). On the lecture platform, or even in his writings, he is not likely to underestimate the forces of evil with which he is wrestling. If there is any spot in Christendom in which sex has no advertising value, it is still to be discovered. A good description, all tremolo stops out, of pagan immorality and the degradation of plural wives, will keep any audience awake. Whenever I am confronted by one of these laborers in the vineyard, I remember the gentle sympathy which the women of the Sakalava tribe in Madagascar ex-

tended to my wife because she was an only wife. They recognized that monogamy was a custom handed down to white people by their ancestors, hence requiring no explanation, but they regarded it only as one more proof of the inherent sadism of Europeans.

There is one further misconception which we owe to historic accident. Most of us have been raised on the stories of the Thousand and One Nights, and any mention of plural marriage raises pictures of veiled ladies and harems guarded by black eunuchs. We think of the seclusion of women as part and parcel of the polygynous system, and blame it for all the difficulties which seclusion causes. Actually, harems are no more constant or necessary accompaniments of polygyny than feminine shorts and mixed cocktail parties are of monogamy. There are plenty of monogamous societies in which wives and daughters are kept under lock and key whenever the man of the house can afford it. Conversely, there are many polygynous societies in which wives are as free to come and go, to meet men and to transact business, as they are in any American rural community. In fact, they are often a good deal freer in their comings and goings, for where there are several wives in a household, baby-sitting does not become a problem.

Since any attempt to impose seclusion on American women would precipitate a war of the sexes bitterer than the conflict immortalized by

Thurber, patterns of plural marriage in the societies where harems are approved teach us little. Let us turn instead to the numerous societies which have too narrow an economic margin and too much respect for human dignity to try to keep their women in seclusion. The Sakalava of Madagascar are such a tribe and their patterns of marriage and family life are shared, with only minor variations, by many other tribes in Madagascar and on the African mainland.

III

Due to warfare and the dangers of hunting, sea fishing, and cattle keeping, there are considerably more women in this tribe than men. The adolescent boys and girls meet freely, experiment with possible partners, and finally select their own mates. Consent has to be got from the fathers on both sides, but this is rarely withheld. There is a bride price, paid by the groom's family to that of the bride, but the sum is nominal so that marriage is actually based on the preferences of the partners themselves. The most attractive girls are taken up in this first selection, and there are genuine romances reminiscent of our own.

After the marriage, a civil ceremony in which the rights and duties of both parties are precisely defined, the couple settle down to an industrious life. The groom's family provides a house and the bride's family furnishes it. All property is separately owned, but the wife controls the

family purse. Men raise cattle, hunt and fish; women cultivate gardens, trade at the markets and keep house, the last with the help of their husbands. Sakalava men are not ashamed to do housework and baby tending, but even with this help the women are confronted by an acute servant problem. Slaves have always been expensive and unreliable, and it is impossible to hire domestic help.

This situation is met quite consciously and realistically by taking in a second wife. In later years a third or even a fourth wife may be added, but since each marriage has to be approved by all the previous wives, it is rarely possible to get a unanimous decision on a fifth. Each choice involves long conferences between the husband and his previous wives, since if he marries without any wife's permission she is entitled to divorce him and claim one third of his personal property as alimony. Actually, the wives usually pick an unattached friend and not infrequently push their husband into a marriage. In general, first marriages are for love, subsequent ones for business. But there is always an emphasis on congeniality.

With plural marriage, a whole series of new regulations comes into play. Each wife has a house of her own, although the wife first married is recognized as family head and it is usually in her house that the husband keeps his clothes. The husband's garden land is divided equally among the wives. Each wife cultivates her share,

and with its produce feeds herself, her children and the husband on the day he spends with her. Surplus produce is sold in the market and one half the proceeds given to the husband by way of ground rent. The other half belongs to the wife outright and is usually banked with her relatives. The husband's time is also divided equally between his wives, 24 hours being spent with each in turn. (He has no days off.) Profits from hunting, fishing or, at the present time, labor for Europeans, are divided equally between the husband and the wife on whose day the profits have been made. In any properly adjusted household, the wife whose day it is will cook and baby-tend for the whole group, leaving the other wives free for field work or selling in the market. Inevitable, though not too invidious, comparisons between the quality of the meals furnished by the various wives and the state of their houses keeps the housekeeping on a high plane. Any harassed American businesswoman will agree that such an arrangement offers facilities for combining domesticity with a career which our own system does not.

IV

The more intimate relations between the husband and his wives are also strictly regulated. The husband abstains from intercourse with any wife for four or five months before a birth, and for six months after. Except for this, he must bestow his favors on each wife in turn and for him to sleep

with one wife on another wife's day is considered an especially serious form of adultery. Such an offense threatens the sanctity of the home, and the injured wife is entitled to a divorce with heavy alimony. A husband's slip from virtue with a lady to whom he is not married is regarded more leniently, since it does not threaten the family structure. The wife on whose day it occurred may be twitted by the other wives on her inability to hold the husband, but they regard it as strictly her affair. Her usual procedure is to make things unpleasant enough for him so that he will pay her a moderate indemnity. However, if the husband really becomes involved with another woman, the wives go into action as a body. They will capture the correspondent and force her to marry their husband. This is not a matter of morals; it is based on the idea that if the lady is enjoying their husband's society she should contribute to his upkeep.

To people reared in our own tradition of romantic love and exclusive possession, such marriage arrangements seem like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. Nevertheless, there are millions of people who live under very similar arrangements and who seem to be quite as content with them as we are with ours. There can be no question that, under certain conditions, polygyny works and works well. It provides for a society's surplus women, and it offers a way out for the career woman who wants a home and

children but finds taking care of them a heavy burden. At the same time, polygyny will only work under certain conditions. While it solves some problems, it creates a series of new ones.

The first objection which is sure to be raised by anyone reared in the tradition of romantic love and exclusive sexual possession is that of jealousy. Given our present culture background, there undoubtedly would be enough sexual jealousy to interfere seriously with the smooth working of the system. However, jealousy based on sex is much less instinctive than psychoanalysts would have us believe. The real foundation of jealousy is ego injury, and what can cause this injury will vary with the value-system of the particular society. Sex is only one of many possible causes, but it has been played up as much in our own society as it has been played down in some others. There are tribes in which romantic love is an adolescent pattern regarded with the same tolerant amusement which we show toward puppy love. In many more, sex is regarded as a pleasant activity on a par with eating. With such evaluations the sharing of a sexual partner under conditions which are understood and approved by the community involves very little emotion. Wives who help their husband to select another wife, or husbands who lend their wives to younger brothers or visiting friends, get ego reinforcement rather than injury. There is no threat to their prestige or

social position and they are sure of gratitude from the one they have helped. We know very well when the pattern of romantic love in marriage first appeared in our own culture, and we may see it drop out when it becomes too inconvenient.

The main source of friction in all polygynous families seems to be the wives' struggle for dominance. A preferred sexual position is only one manifestation of this, and not necessarily the most important one. Also, the intensity of the struggle will depend a good deal on what activities the wives have to take their minds off it. Harem women seem to spend most of their time fighting, while unsecluded working women have other and equally satisfying outlets. However, in any polygynous family the wives have to be arranged in a recognized dominance series if the family is to function effectively. This series may be established by sheer competition and conflict, like the well-known peck series of chickens, but this method is uncomfortable for all concerned. Most polygynous societies have much more conscious and formal regulation of life in the family than we have. The rights of husband and wife, and of each wife and her children, are usually specified with great clarity. In particular, the position of head wife and her powers as leader of the female half of the family are sharply delineated. She is usually the first wife married and, no matter what the husband's sexual preference, she takes precedence so-

cially over all later wives. As far back as 3000 B.C. Mesopotamian marriage contracts specify that the second wife "shall wash the feet of the first wife and carry her chair behind her when she goes to the temple."

When questions of dominance have been settled and the rights of individual wives clearly defined, a polygynous family has great potential benefits for its female members. It may be predicted that, if polygyny comes to be legally recognized in Western society, it will find its most enthusiastic supporters among career women. One can envisage the polygynous family of the future as consisting of a husband, one or more career wives and at least one domestic wife chosen for household skills and fondness for children. The career wives, through their contribution to the family income, would make possible a standard of living otherwise unattainable by members of the white collar class while the domestic wives would make the establishment a real home. Each wife would presumably spend one evening at home, in rotation, thus eliminating the need for baby sitters, and each would be entitled to the husband's services as escort on one of her nights out. Children would grow up in an atmosphere of security and diffuse affection which would militate against the development of fixations on parents.

From the husband's point of view, the advantages of polygyny are less

obvious. The inclusion of career wives in the family group would, of course, provide added financial security and a higher standard of living. The variety of companionship afforded by plural wives might also be enjoyable, but only if the husband stood up for his rights when new wives were added to the establishment. Lastly, the prestige which would necessarily attach to one who demonstrated his hardihood and sense of social responsibility by marrying several wives would be a very real reward. However, there are certain disadvantages to the polygynous husband's status which seem to be unavoidable. If a man's wives disagree, and they sometimes will, no matter how precise the society's rules for family behavior, he has to spend much of his time at home acting as umpire. Moreover, he has to go on living with the wife or wives who have lost the decision. If his wives agree, they can form a united front and stage an offensive which no solitary, unsupported male can resist.

It may be that the taboos which many polygynous societies have on a husband discussing what happens in his home stem from a natural reluctance to admit consistent defeat. Reformers who project a change in our present family system should take these facts into account. One may respect the courage and public spirit of polygynous husbands, but one can scarcely envy them.



THE FLAT-FOOTED TIGER

A STORY

BY EVAN S. CONNELL, JR.

WHEN people discovered that Willie ran a freight elevator they always looked at his feet and then began to make jokes, but Willie didn't mind because jokes were a fine thing. There was only one thing he treasured above good jokes and that was Gloria. Gloria had long brown hair and eyes as big as the knobs on the elevator. Her skin was as nice as milk. She wore lilac perfume and she was kind and as gentle as a Christmas carol.

When in the line of Willie's duties there were boxes to be checked or a number to be remembered he counted on his fingers, a mannerism which irritated Big Chuck no end, but which had moved Gillis to observe quite soundly that although Willie might be no tiger he always solved his problem.

Willie had no illusions about becoming president of Comer's, but there was pleasure in contemplating the fact that if he stopped his elevator between floors and refused to deliver, Comer's would soon be out of string, cardboard, pins, envelopes, and any

number of important things. On slow days he often filched a scrap of brown wrapping paper from the storeroom and made lists of all the things Comer's would run out of if he stopped the elevator between floors. Undeniably no department store could do without men in his position.

Added to this was the fact that Big Chuck and Gillis and Wop were his friends. Big Chuck worked in the basement, where he moved barrels. He liked to tear decks of cards and thick magazines in half. Gillis worked up front selling shoes. Having had a year of college, Gillis smoked a pipe with an amber stem and was very smart. He wore bay rum on his hair. Wop worked on the second floor and he had a finger missing from his left hand and he could tell jokes for an hour. Wop's last name was Glorioso, a fact which interested Willie immensely and which had caused him to sound out Gloria on several occasions as to whether she had any brothers she didn't know about.

Willie was indeed pleased to have such a distinguished group of friends.

EVAN S. CONNELL, JR., is a graduate student at Columbia. His story, "The Color of the World," appeared in the *MERCURY* two months ago, and he has also written for little magazines.

And in January Gloria had promised to marry him. Whenever he thought about all this Willie's ears would turn red with happiness. Not often did one have so much to be thankful for. Truly he was the most fortunate man at Comer's.

So it was that he hummed *Cowboy Jack* as he parked on the second floor waiting for Wop to lock up. It was just after six o'clock. As he hummed and waited he amused himself by counting the rivet heads in the opposite wall of the elevator. Strong rivets they were. Strong. Hard and black. Good rivets.

When Wop pulled his coat off the nail and got into the elevator Willie dropped to the main floor for Gillis. Big Chuck had already closed the basement and was waiting for them outside.

"It's getting cold," said Big Chuck as they came out.

Gillis considered and then said, "Yes. It is inclement." He filled his pipe.

"Well, let's go eat," said Wop and he walked off toward the Dine-A-Mite.

They sat in a rear booth and Willie managed to sit next to Big Chuck. Carefully he slid his hand along the tablecloth to where he could compare the size of their knuckles. It would be fine to be as strong as that — to have long black hairs on one's wrists and fingers strong enough to bend bottle caps. Gillis sat across from them and he thought, too, that it would be fine to be as smart as Gillis. Or as hand-

some as Wop. Oh, it was fine to be in such company, and so he grinned.

"What you grinning about?"

He grinned wider.

"Our undersized friend is musing about waitresses," said Gillis.

Willie shook his head.

"Then what?"

The grin almost split Willie's ears. "N-nothing."

"Willie's dumb," said Big Chuck. "Ain't you dumb?"

Willie picked at the tablecloth. He was not dumb. "No."

Gillis said slowly, "People can be dumb in different ways. Now possibly he's only dumb on the outside. Maybe he's got a lot of stuff we don't know about. Possibly he collects stamps."

"You collect stamps?" demanded Big Chuck.

Willie shook his head.

"See!"

"B-but I used to — I collected postcards and buttons and ha-hammers too and n-needles."

They all turned to stare at him.

Willie's ears got red. They didn't understand about the needles. "Needles," he said. "For designs."

"Oh," said Gillis, and thought for a minute. "Why don't you collect things like Wop does?"

"What?" asked Willie. They all laughed.

They looked away from him then and he sniffed toward the fry cook's window. The Mite smelled good. And there were cowboy songs on the juke box and blue lights in tubes on the

ceiling. Waitresses, too, and although he was engaged to Gloria still it was all right to look at waitresses. Everybody was allowed to look at waitresses. Men were. After dinner he'd go over to Gloria's. He'd sit around and listen to the radio until late and then Gloria would smooth her long brown hair and her eyes would shine and she would kiss him goodnight, maybe ten or fifteen times. He'd rather kiss Gloria than almost anything. Ten or fifteen times! Willie oozed down in the booth and closed his eyes.

II

After dinner they went outside. It was cold and black, for the moon had not yet risen. Big Chuck hung an arm over Willie's thin shoulders. "So you're going to get married on us, eh buddy?"

Willie nodded.

"You got a picture of her?"

Willie produced a picture, but he did not show them the blue fountain pen Gloria had given him. That was secret.

Big Chuck stepped under the streetlight. "Wow! Get a load of this tomato." He passed the picture around for inspection. "Look what our old buddy's got himself lined up with."

Willie was pleased. He stood on one foot and industriously scraped the back of his ankle. He felt called upon to say something. He announced: "We're going to get married."

"Ah! When?"

Willie puckered his lips while he thought. "January."

"January, eh? Getting all set for those cold winter nights."

Willie shuffled his feet. He was not certain about such things.

Big Chuck nudged him. "Tell us about her. You can tell your old buddies, can't you?"

Willie meditated. "We're in love," he said.

"Sure. Sure. But tell us about her."

Willie reached for the picture.

"Now hold on a minute." Big Chuck hooked him by the armpits and lifted him away from the picture. "Now this here — what's her name?"

"Gloria."

"Gloria. That's a good name. Now this Gloria looks to me like a real sweet little lady and it seems to me you ought to know how to take real good care of her comes January." A thought came to Big Chuck. "Willie, you ever made love to a girl?"

Willie began to grin.

"Well, how about that! Old buddy's all fixed to get married to this nice cabbage and here he's never even made love to a girl." Big Chuck smacked his palms together. "We got to do something about that."

Willie puckered his brows and thought hard. Then he shook his head.

"Sure we do. Absolutely. We got to get you smartened up."

"No. Give me the picture."

"Now wait a minute. Don't go getting excited. You're always getting excited. You got a problem and we're

just going to help you in solving it."

"No. No."

"Sure, sure," said Big Chuck soothingly, "and I know just how to do it."

Willie reached again.

"Hold it, Gillis. Don't let him have it. We're going to take our pal down to the carnival so he can learn some things. Yes, sir." Big Chuck grinned and thumped him across the shoulders. "Yes, sir. Soon as we get you squared away you'll get that picture back."

Gillis leaned over until Willie could smell his bay rum and whispered, "Ever ever seen a girlie show?"

Willie scraped his ankle.

"Well, I guess we really are doing you a favor then. Everybody ought to see at least one."

It was true he did not know much about girls and this might be good to know. Still — "No I don't think I wa-want to go — I think I'd just rather ma-marry Gloria."

"You just *think* that," said Gillis.

"Absolutely," said Big Chuck.

"We're going to the carnival."

"No! All I want to do is marry Gloria."

Big Chuck took his outstretched arm and twisted it behind his back. "We're doing you a favor, old buddy. Go get the car, Wop."

Willie's lips quivered and Big Chuck began to laugh.

III

They saw the ferris wheel first, like a sparkling bottle cap. Then they could hear music coming over the loud-

speaker. As they approached the carnival grounds Big Chuck drove on the wrong side of the highway and blew his horn several times. He had taken the regular horn off and installed one that sounded like a train. Everybody turned to look as they coasted into the grounds.

Big Chuck sounded the horn once more, then rapped Willie on the skull with his knuckles and got out of the car. "Here you go, old buddy. Tonight you're going to grow up. Help our buddy out of the car, you guys."

Willie climbed out and stood looking around the carnival. Wop patted him on the shoulder. "Let's get a coffee, huh?"

"Naw," said Big Chuck, "Willie's not hungry, are you?"

"— only for a vixen," said Gillis, chuckling.

Willie reached into Gillis' pocket and Big Chuck slapped his hand and then broke off the end of a cigar. "Now don't be in such a damn hurry. Why are you always in such a hurry? — Gillis'll take good care of Gloria, won't you Gillis?"

"With ardor."

"Don't be such a rube, Willie. Here — eat this." Big Chuck pushed a bag of popcorn into his hands. "Okay now, come on." And he stepped off toward the midway.

The tent flap of the girlie show billowed slightly as they stopped at the barker's stand. Big Chuck leaned down and squinted through the opening.

"Six bits," said the barker, tapping

Big Chuck in the ribs with his cane.

"The Dove is a friend of mine," said Big Chuck, still stooping and peering through the flap.

"Everybody's a friend of La Paloma," said the barker. "Six bits."

Gillis said, "Our small friend here drinks nitro-glycerin. Don't make him mad."

"Six bits. Each."

"What a prune," said Big Chuck and paid his admission.

"Who buys for Willie?" asked Wop.

"He buys for himself. Gloria's worth that much to him."

They stopped at a rope in front of the stage and Big Chuck hooked a thumb through Willie's belt strap. Wop and Gillis stood near them. Gillis looked very intelligent. He cupped a match to his amber-stemmed pipe and began to blow smoke rings.

First of all there were three girls who danced and skipped and climbed through hoops while somebody behind a screen played *Tales from the Vienna Woods* on a saxophone. Everybody clapped. There were many questions shouted at the girls. Willie stood quietly in a puddle of mud.

"He's eating this up," whispered Gillis.

Next there was a lady in a leopard skin. She was named "Queen Oog" and she began to dance and wave a spear while the saxophone player pounded on a drum. In back of Willie a voice said "Wow!" and a fat man in blue overalls started to climb up on the stage. Queen Oog jabbed at him

with her spear and the point broke, but the fat man fell off the stage and lay in the mud. Then the barker walked on the stage and said if that happened again the show would not go on. Everybody booed. Willie's faintly frostbitten nose twitched, but he did not say anything.

La Paloma was dressed in feathers. She had pink hair and wicked eyes and a mole on her forehead. Big Chuck yelled "'Ray for The Dove!'"

"'Ray-for-dove,'" said the fat man and went to sleep.

In spite of being nudged, poked, jostled and thumped, Willie remained silent, slowly munching his popcorn. He did not move until La Paloma began to sing. She had a voice like a tearing window shade. Willie covered his ears. Then La Paloma began to pluck her feathers. She touched her lips to each one and her eyes got very sad as she blew them out toward the audience. Feathers began to fall on Willie. Gloria would not like this. Gloria would not like this at all. Willie stood on one foot and made small clucking noises.

"Regardez," whispered Gillis.

"'Ray Dove!'" shouted Big Chuck.

No, Gloria would not like this one bit. Willie pursed his lips and frowned in tremendous thought. Gloria would be at home now; she would be waiting for him. She would have the radio on and she would be curled up in the big red chair, warm and soft. The lamp would be shining on her arms and she would smell nice. Oh, nice.

The muddy water was seeping into

his shoes. He was cold and tired and thirsty and lonely and ugly and The Dove was throwing feathers at him. Willie extracted his feet from the mud. He was going.

Then enormous hands gripped his collar and the seat of his trousers and he heard Big Chuck bellowing into his ear. And suddenly his arms began to churn and Willie found that he was flying through the air. He floated upwards through a haze of cigar smoke and popcorn, described an arc, and descended, coming to rest on one heel on the boards of the stage. His other foot swung forward and for a minute Willie thought he was punting a football. His arms were flapping and his hair was in his eyes. It came to him then that he was starting to fall down so he reached out for support. The only thing nearby was La Paloma, but he clutched and hung on.

The feathers flew and Willie and La Paloma hit the boards with a terrible crash.

When the light bulbs stopped whirling he discovered that he was sitting next to La Paloma and that she did not have any more feathers. The stage was covered with buttered popcorn. Willie was not sure what to do. He had never been on a stage with a naked woman before.

IV

He felt that perhaps he should apologize. Looking down he found that he had a fistful of feathers. This was an opening: he held out the feathers.

It was at about this time that La

Paloma recovered from both the physical and emotional jolt of Willie's attack. She began to scream. She held both hands to her cheeks and pointed her mouth at the top of the tent and howled. The noise appeared to help her recovery: she gained range and volume until the canvas began to vibrate. The noise fascinated Willie. He sat on the stage and peered down her throat. He wished she would stop because the noise hurt his ears, but he did not have the faintest idea how to stop a naked woman from screaming.

"Shhh," said Willie, hopefully.

But La Paloma's shrieks increased, so he looked around for Big Chuck, who would explain to her that it was an accident. Big Chuck was gone. So was Gillis. And Wop. However, the barker was coming through the tent flap. That was fine; now he could explain. He stood up. The barker, he saw, had a shotgun. That was strange. Very strange.

Suddenly he sensed that the barker was going to blame *him* for what had happened. Willie decided to leave and explain later. The tent flap, however, was located directly behind the shotgun, so he looked about for another exit. He could not find one. All of a sudden Willie was scared. He coughed and shuddered and said, "Oh God!"

The barker, he saw, had one leg over the rope and would very soon be on the stage. Willie did not have an extensive knowledge of guns, but this particular one was quite long and black and possessed of two gigantic holes at the end. All in all it was the

sort of tool one might use to hunt crocodiles. Willie forgot all about the exit; he commenced to run around the stage in little circles. He wished Gloria were here. And then climbing onto the stage was the shotgun followed by the barker who looked very angry and who was roaring terrible oaths.

Then something spoke to Willie — telling him that if he, the gun, and the barker remained together long enough the gun would go off and he, Willie, would get shot. At the time of this message he was in a running position and aimed at the side of the tent. It required no change of direction for his 131 pounds to hit the canvas like a terrified ostrich, and with a loud screech the canvas gave way to allow him passage to the outside. He struck the ground on all fours and took out from there, with the barker two jumps behind.

The moon had just risen and it was a beautiful evening indeed, but Willie did not stop. He hurdled a fence and a briar patch just as the barker let go with one barrel. Probably the buck-shot traveled faster than Willie, but there could be no argument about which went farther. Willie was running low and pointed into the wind, and with each leap his shoes picked up momentum until they were bounding over the furrows in a truly magnificent fashion. The barker did not give up the chase.

Activity at the carnival had come largely to a standstill and it must be said that no attraction there could

compete with Willie, the barker, and the shotgun zig-zagging over the fields in the moonlight. At the crest of the hill they were silhouetted for a moment against the moon, and then there came a bang from the shotgun and a horrible scream that sounded like Willie and then all three were over the hill and out of sight.

v

Willie did not appear for work the next morning. At eleven o'clock Big Chuck was sitting on the loading dock behind Comer's speculating as to how soon the police would recover his body when Willie turned the corner and sauntered up the alley.

"Morning," he said. He was covered with scratches and bruises and his trousers had been torn in several places. However, each of the tears had been neatly mended and over each scratch was a dab of mercurochrome.

"Morning," returned Big Chuck, somewhat stunned.

"Guess I'm late," said Willie.

Big Chuck nodded dumbly. Then shaking himself he got down off the dock and fished into his pocket. "I — I got your picture —"

"Oh. Thanks."

Big Chuck stood with his hand in mid-air. "What?"

"Close your mouth," said Willie.

Big Chuck collected himself. At length he asked: "How did you get away from the barker?"

"Outran him. He tripped in a gopher hole."

Big Chuck digested this infor-

mation and then straightened up. "Well!" he said jovially. "Well, at least we came pretty close to getting you squared away. Didn't we, old buddy? Eh?"

Willie yawned.

"By the way — by the way, what happened after you ditched the barker?"

"None of your business."

Big Chuck's jaw dropped again. He studied this new casual Willie for some time. At last he said, "Willie.

Willie, where did you go after —"

Willie snapped without a stutter: "None of your business!" Then he frowned. Somehow that did not seem the complete reply to such a question about a man's personal life. Slowly, but quite firmly, he reached out a lilac-scented hand toward Big Chuck's face and gave to Big Chuck's nose a terrible tweak.

It was as Gillis had said: Willie might be no tiger, but he always solved his problem.

LEST THE WIND COME IN

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

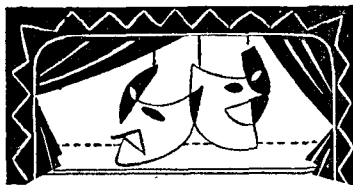
The warm night stops to listen
Where the dark is velvet deep,
Then sudden raindrops glisten
Through blinded eyes of sleep.

How could the green days follow
Twin roads that would not match?
The song of thrush and swallow
Could never lift the latch.

Time builds a lonely tower
But O, the walls are thin!
I cling to this curtained hour
Lest the wind . . . the wind come in.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



PEANUTS, POPCORN AND LEMONADE

Again, Sartre. At least once in every decade we are entertained by the emergence of a playwright who, for a reason dark to the more practised critics, is accepted by the public, along with the less practised critics, as a dramatist of great importance and who, until he is caught on to, basks in the glow of miscellaneous esteem. Jean-Paul Sartre is the latest. There is, however, one thing to be said for him: he seems at times to realize and appreciate his mountebankery and to derive a lot of personal fun out of his bamboozling the come-ons. In a recent published interview, he was, for example, asked to define just what his doctrine of Existentialism is. "It is," he answered with charming frankness, "the means whereby I make a living." I have no doubt that one of these days he will similarly embarrass those who venerate the quality of his drama by making a like reply to an interviewer who questions him about his plays.

As little as I may admire those plays, I confess that I have considerable admiration for a man who, like him, has the cleverness, ingenuity and, above all, the sardonic humor prosperously to swindle so many susceptibles without their knowing it. I have heard from people who know him well, that, whatever the nature of his literary and dramatic abilities, he is an intelligent and amusing companion, and I can readily believe it. It takes a great deal of wit and skill to pull off the jobs that he has; no ordinary man could possibly do it. It also takes a mind, of sorts. And Sartre deserves all the credit in that line that a critic of humanity, if not of drama, can give him. He is his decade's foremost theatrical confidence man, which in view of the strong competition is no mean achievement. And, as such, he will have his proud niche in the history of the modern stage.

It is possible, of course, that I am allowing him qualities which he does not really possess but simply with a pleasant amiability pretends to. If,

however, underneath it all he actually conducts his profession with seriousness, and evidence in that direction is not lacking, he is a master at self-deception. His fecundity in such directions as philosophy, politics, sociology, the novel, the short story, the cinema, and the drama is that of a rabbit, yet he seems to operate under the delusion that his reproductions are not rabbits but lions and tigers, whereas even the rabbits he factually delivers himself of are of the mechanical toy variety, stuffed with the sawdust of borrowed ideas.

Musical Comedy and Laughter. Waxing more or less solemn recently, H. I. Phillips, the humorist, issued the following protest:

What has become of the old-time musical comedy that was musical and a comedy? What has happened to the idea that laughter should not only be permitted in the theatre, but encouraged? With few exceptions, the musicals of the last half dozen seasons, and especially of this one, have been so lacking in laughs and all-around rollicking fun that only by digging back through your memories could you realize that once upon a time people left musical shows . . . chuckling over the comedy scenes. This column is convinced that producers follow a new creed:

(1) If it's real funny something is wrong with it.

(2) Any part calling for a good comedian must be regarded with deep suspicion.

(3) Always remember in writing, accepting or producing a musical show that the audience is never happier than when dedicating a new funeral parlor.

Where the great Broadway showman of yesterday put special emphasis on amusing the customers it is amazing how many

producers of today have been sinking their dough into musicals with "No Laughter Permitted" written all over them.

Though, like Phillips, I relish good comedy as much as any other citizen, I fear that he has dedicated his indignation to error when he imagines that most of the better old-time musical comedies were replete with laughter and that "the great Broadway showman of yesterday put special emphasis on [thus] amusing the customers." There were, true, musical comedies in the older days that rested largely on the talents of such comedians as Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, Sam Bernard, Joe Cawthorn, Jimmie Powers, Frank Daniels, Eddie Foy, Jeff De Angelis, *et al.*, and some of them were not very funny at that. But there were many, many more — and some of them figure as memory's treasures — which did not rely upon laughter for their pleasure and acceptance, and which, in fact, had a minimum of comedy, sometimes, indeed, almost imperceptible. As examples of a few out of many, I cite such as *The Arcadians*, *The Geisha*, *San Toy*, *Florodora*, *It Happened in Nordland*, *The Fortune Teller*, *The Little Duchess* and *Dolly Varden*. Or *The Wild Rose*, *The Highwayman*, *The Country Girl*, *The School Girl*, *The Silver Slipper* and *The Mocking Bird*. Or, again, *Three Little Maids*, *Red Feather*, *The Two Roses*, *Woodland*, *Miss Dolly Dollars*, *The Dollar Princess*, *Veronique* and *The Little Cherub*. Or, still again, *My Lady's Maid*, *The Belle of Mayfair*, *The Little Michus*,

The Orchid, *Miss Hook of Holland*, *The Waltz Dream*, *Mlle. Modiste* and *Havana*. If cataloguing were not as wearisome to the reader's eye as it is to the writer's hand, it would be easy to expand.

Yet even were Mr. Phillips' point of view sound — and his point of view is shared by numerous old codgers — I believe that he is still in error in the matter of the present musical shows. Have the musicals of the last half dozen seasons, as he avers, been so lacking in laughs? Critical merit not figuring the one way or the other, Eddie Cantor's *Banjo Eyes*, Ray Bolger's *By Jupiter!* and *Where's Charley?*, Bobby Clark's *Star and Garter* and *As the Girls Go*, and Ethel Merman's *Something for the Boys* and *Annie Get Your Gun*, were surely not altogether on the grim side. What, also, of Bobby Clark's *Mexican Hayride*, of Mitzi Green's *Billion Dollar Baby*, of *One Touch of Venus*, and of the revues like *Call Me Mister*, *Lend an Ear*, and *Make Mine Manhattan*? Was *High Button Shoes* a funeral parlor, or *Beggar's Holiday*, or Beatrice Lillie's *Inside U.S.A.*, or *Love Life*, or *Kiss Me, Kate*?

What is wrong with so much musical comedy is not its alleged minimum of humor but its tendency to encroach upon the field of drama at the expense of losing its old gaiety and free-for-all flavor. It seems, indeed, as if our musical comedy is becoming more and more dramatic as our drama becomes more and more musical comedy. Shows are being either de-

rived from dramatic plays or written in terms closely approximating straight plays. It is not that some of them aren't worthy; it is rather that, worthy as they are, they have lost much of the welcome old freedom, ease, and happy abandon. A show like *Magdalena*, poor as its book is, is nevertheless much more dramatic than a straight play like *A Story for Strangers* or *The Smile of the World* or *Summer and Smoke*, which utilizes such musical show elements as music, electrical fireworks, and even something that resembles a Spanish hoochie-coochie dance. The music aside, derivative shows like *Street Scene*, *Porgy and Bess*, *The Chocolate Soldier*, *Carousel*, *Oklahoma!*, etc., admirable as some of them may be, remain largely and essentially the straight fare they originally were. And many such other derived shows as *Louisiana Lady*, *Sadie Thompson*, *The Firebrand of Florence*, *My Romance*, et al., not only do not add anything to the plays from which they stemmed but subtract from them, often disastrously.

Problem of Meaning. In a statement from his home in Merionethshire, Wales, following the production of his late, unmourned *Minnie and Mr. Williams*, Richard Hughes, in reply to an inquiry as to just what his confused play was intended to mean, said, "Someone once asked a famous dancer what her dance meant. She answered, 'If I could put it into words, why should I go to the trouble

of dancing it?' " If Mr. Hughes really knows what his bewildered play meant, which seems to be doubtful, that is scarcely a convincing rejoinder, since dancing often properly has no meaning, in the precise sense of the word, and is addressed simply to the eye's relish of grace, as some music is to the ear's of sweet and meaningless melody. The dancer who made the answer was as questionable a mentality as Mr. Hughes is in this instance. She might as well have argued that, since Rembrandt had no difficulty in explaining what his paintings meant, if explanations were needed, there was no reason why he should have gone to the trouble of painting them, or that, since Beethoven could describe what his symphonies meant, he was a fool to have gone to all the bother of composing them.

Mr. Hughes' subsequent evasion was not less transparent. "I can't pretend in a plain statement to tell you what the play means," he declared, "for if I could there would be no need for the play." Required reading for Mr. Hughes in this respect should be, among a lot of other things, Shaw's prefaces to his plays. "But," he presently relented, "I can give you a few ideas about it." The sum total of the few ideas was as follows: "The subtitle of the [revised] play is 'A Comedy of Good and Evil,' and that is what it is; Good and Evil, the funny side people are usually solemn about." While that is an explanation of the treatment, it still sidesteps the issue and tells us no more about what he

was driving at than we knew before, which was nothing.

But let us be patient. "A dramatist has no right to order his audience to think . . . but if I can make you think about the problem of Good and Evil by making you laugh, why shouldn't I try? So I treat certain notions about that pair of philosophical twin notions as comic." Here again we engage double-talk that attempts to conceal any answer to the first question: what was the play about? We further are edified by the argument that a dramatist has no right to order his audience to think, which would be surprising news to some pretty good ones from Aeschylus and Sophocles to Shaw and Pirandello, as also by the notion that we may be persuaded to think only through laughter, which similarly would be surprising news to some other very fair dramatists like Portoriche, Giacosa and Galsworthy, among others.

"I have also been asked many questions of detail," continued Mr. Hughes, still not answering the main question. "What became of Minnie's leg when it was all over? Why should an angel have double-jointed toes? Why was Mr. Williams so set against going to Bangor? What was the golden-haired young Gladys really after?" Then — "Those are questions for you to answer, for you to imagine your own answers," he explained, still not explaining anything and keeping his score 100 per cent.

It is plain, in short, that not only

were we completely in the dark as to what meaning, if any, Mr. Hughes' play had, but that Mr. Hughes was in the same situation we were.

Foreordained Failure. If a comedian practises a physical indignity of one kind or another on a second comedian, like, for example, poking a finger into his eye, or hitting him on the head with a club, or kicking him in the rear, an audience will laugh only if it knows that no slightest pain accrues to the victim. The audience's considerate sympathy is to be challenged at serious expense. It is thus in a somewhat related manner that the picturing of blindness on the stage is at a playwright's peril and that the great majority of plays which have presented it in connection with a leading character have failed at the box-office. Not only does an audience's

extra-theatrical pity for the afflicted help to destroy its playgoing mood but it is so sensitive that the very thought and horror of blindness divert what interest in the play it might otherwise have. It suffers pain vicariously, and the evening becomes unpleasant and sometimes intolerable. This is especially and particularly true when and if the play itself is a good one, since the more the dramatist succeeds in causing his audience to identify itself with his character, the worse it is for his play.

Another example was recently had in the case of an exhibit called *Follow the Heart*, which, however, was without merit. But, even had it possessed it, it was doomed to failure on the score that the spectacle of sightlessness, even in make-believe, is fraught with character and, reflectively, audience pain.

PIANO CHORD

BY FRED LAPE

The tone of a piano well struck
is surf that thunders at the sea rocks
of my flesh; the chord rises,
vibrations like foam inundate me,
I am drenched with sound,
until, the echoes receding,
I stand bathed in sunlight,
washed clean of my discontent.

ALASKA FIGHTS FOR STATEHOOD

BY FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN

ALASKANS are by nature a disputatious people. You can get up a spanking argument in the territory over anything from fish traps to the price of lettuce. But there has never been such hair-raising, high-wind-velocity shouting, with all gentlemanly rules of debate suspended, as over whether Alaska should add the forty-ninth star to the United States flag by becoming a state.

The Democratic national platform called for statehood, and a majority of Alaska's sourdoughs, Eskimos, canners and educators approved it in a referendum. There is strong reason to believe the new Congress will vote Alaska full partnership in the Union, asking the states to ratify the action. It is particularly likely since the North Country voted Democratic a few days before the nation. Two additional Democratic senators and a voting representative would add to Mr. Truman's majority in Congress.

Nevertheless, from Ketchikan to Nome, there are shrieks against statehood as well as for it. Charges of

political chicanery and business skulduggery are tossed about with wild abandon over the issue in mining camps, canneries and native seal-spearing circles, not to mention clubs and bars. Personal charges of moral crookedness and cussedness are exchanged between opposing leaders.

The argument is violent partly because Alaska is still a land of rugged individualists who must be hardy to overcome the cold, the isolation and the lack of facilities for easy living. Alaskan individualism is reflected in Maybelle, who shoots dice across her bar for drinks in Nome; in Bill Munz, a bush pilot who sits in the Legislature and has discovered a radioactive mountain; in Father Tom Cunningham, who spears seals with the Eskimos and lives on Little Diameda island in the Bering straits, midway between Siberia and U. S. territory; in the æsthetic, bearded White Russian priest in the bulb-spired church at Sitka; in the barber who placer-mines of a summer and charges two dollars for a haircut at Anchorage in the win-

FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN is a reporter and foreign correspondent who covered virtually every battlefield in Western Europe and the Pacific during the war, and who has recently returned from an extensive tour of Alaska. In recent months his contributions to the *MERCURY* have included a profile of Mayor Curley of Boston and a report on Berlin. This article is the eighteenth in a series on the states and possessions of the Federal Union.

ter; in the Indian who recently discovered a gold mine and sold out cheap to get drunk. Alaska abounds in personalities such as these.

The fight over statehood, however, is personified by three men who are extraordinary even for "the Great Country." Each in his own way is as hard as Alaska's mountains, as eruptive as its volcanoes, and as cold as its glaciers.

The first of these is Ernest Gruening, Governor of Alaska for a record-breaking twelve years. It is this heavy-set man with a square jaw, a prominent nose and a ready grin who has led the fight for statehood. Bursting with a vitality which has made him the first governor to visit every outlying settlement and establishment, Gruening has behind him a lifetime of experience as a newspaper editor, writer of authoritative books, and Federal administrator. He was appointed to the top Alaskan post after serving as Director of Insular Affairs in Washington. His manner is suave, his composure unshakable. But he is a slugger in a fight like the one raging now. He is, moreover, proud of being "a New Dealer" who believes in Federal support for housing, education, and other "progressive" efforts.

Opposed to him in the current battle is "Cap" Lathrop, the salty 83-year-old millionaire of Fairbanks and Anchorage who came to Alaska in the early days without a cent and has made a fortune estimated at \$18 million by plowing his profits back into the Territory. Perhaps more than

any single man, he has developed Alaska. Spry and keen despite his age, blunt and straightforward, he is a horse trader who, nevertheless, stands on principle. He owns newspapers, banks, theatres, radio stations and modern apartment houses.

Recently Congressman Preston E. Peden, a 34-year-old Democrat from Oklahoma who served in the Third Army, dropped in on Cap in his unostentatious Fairbanks office. "I'm for Statehood," said the unsuspecting Peden. "What do you think of it?"

Cap, roaring like a wounded lion, hit the roof. "How long have you been in Alaska?" he howled.

"Three days," replied Peden, "but I attended the hearings in Washington."

"Three days!" yelled Cap. "What in hell do you know about Alaska, young man? If Alaska becomes a state, I'll sell you all my interests at fifty cents on the dollar."

"Sounds like a good buy," remarked the grinning Peden, nevertheless beating a hasty retreat.

Another leader of the opposition is a polished gentleman who has the manners and the reserve of a successful Wall Street executive, but who has written his name into some colorful chapters of Alaskan history. He is Carl Lomen, who owns mines, and operates the lighterage business, at Nome. Before the Federal Government (according to him) drove him out of business, Lomen was known as "the Reindeer King." He had imported and developed the Alaskan reindeer herds

until they numbered 250,000 head. Then, he says, "the government moved in, forced me to sell at a fraction of value and so mishandled the undertaking that the reindeer now number only 10,000." Less forceful than Governor Gruening, not as vociferous as Cap Lathrop, Carl Lomen, behind his imperturbable exterior, is a good hater and a strong fighter.

II

Governor Gruening has charged that Lathrop, Lomen, and others like them, are opposing statehood from sheer personal interest.

"Cap Lathrop," he asserted, "owns five theatres, two each in Anchorage and Fairbanks and one in Cordova. They pay no Territorial taxes whatever, only a hundred-dollar license fee which is turned over to the municipality. He owns two banks, one in Fairbanks and one in Cordova. They pay no Territorial taxes whatever, only a \$250 license fee which goes to the municipality. He owns two newspapers and two radio stations. They pay no Territorial taxes whatever. He owns apartment houses which pay no Territorial taxes whatever. He has a coal monopoly in the North, operating the Healy River Coal Co. His Territorial tax is less than one cent a ton, and he can and does fix the price at any figure he wants. His other enterprise — the Olympia Brewing Company — is taxed slightly, but the taxes are passed on to the public.

"The Lomens," continued the Gov-

ernor, "have made a fortune out of their lighterage monopoly, which is unregulated, and which pays no taxes whatever.

"Lathrop and Lomen have been active in lobbying against a basic tax program which they know will either precede statehood or be an inevitable consequence of it."

Lomen, for his part, asserts in conversation that Governor Gruening has organized the Indians and Eskimos — over a third of the population — into a powerful political machine. He claims the governor has made presents of war surplus stocks to them in order to get their political support for his objectives. (The military commander at Nome was asked by the Army Department just before the last elections, in fact, to investigate reports that war surplus guns were being given the Indians. He reported that they were, but that there was nothing illegal in the process.)

Cap Lathrop says that Gruening has told friends he wants to be the first Senator from Alaska. Lathrop claims, to any and all callers, that this is the primary reason the Governor is fighting for statehood.

This questioning of personal motives and methods by the leaders, these charges and counter-charges, are echoed, with amplifications, up and down the land from Arctic sub-stations to the cities of the Southeast Panhandle. Alaska is seething. In the recent elections the Territory voted by more than eight to one in favor of abolishing fish traps, an act which the

canning industry claims will ruin Alaska's chief industry if Congress in Washington approves. Coming on top of the earlier referendum asking for statehood, the vote shows that Alaskans are demanding change.

Statehood, almost every Alaskan agrees, would lead to fundamental shifts in the foundations of Alaska's economy and life. The proponents feel these changes are long overdue and that this frontier will never develop except as a sovereign state. The opponents believe that such drastic action is premature. They claim that the Territory, already virtually bankrupt, has neither the money nor maturity to take its place alongside New York and California, or even such sparsely populated states as Nevada and New Mexico. No one is forthrightly against statehood as an eventual end; the issue is whether now is the time.

III

Most Americans persist in thinking that Alaska, one fifth the size of the United States proper, is a frozen land. Actually, for hundreds of miles along the seacoast, from the extreme south to a point north of Anchorage, there runs the Japanese current. In this region the climate is temperate, no colder than New York City in the winter.

All Alaska looks like a picture postcard, but the scenes vary sharply.

In "Southeastern," where most of the population centers, the mountains are low, green and forest-covered.

Here the sea wanders in and out, creating great, smooth bays of brilliant blue. Islands push up through the water everywhere. Ugly settlements — with long piers, warehouses and tumbling wooden shanties — mark the presence of the key salmon-canning industry. Parts of this area continue to be incredibly primitive. Indians who were evacuated from the Aleutians when the Japanese attacked went almost wild in the woods of the Southeast.

Halfway up Alaska, saw-tooth mountains, buried in the white mantle of snow, stretch ridge after ridge, towering up to McKinley's 20,300 feet between seacoast Anchorage and inland Fairbanks — and between both of these and Nome. It is on the flat plateau about Fairbanks that temperatures fall to 60 below in the winter and rise to 90 above in the summer. Still further north, in the Arctic, the picture is one of flat, gray desolation, cut by winding, frozen streams.

Much of Alaska is a primeval land, close to Genesis. The weather is "made" for the Northern Hemisphere within a few hundred miles of the mainland here. Glaciers advance and retreat in solemn majesty. When you fly toward the Aleutians, icebergs from mighty glaciers hit the sea on one side of the plane and a string of tall volcanoes lines the other side. Whales play in the waters. Off the Northwest coast, turbulent winds sometimes wail at 100 miles an hour.

Against this widely varying and

awe-inspiring backdrop, Alaskans have fought a two-fold battle: one against the impediments of nature, not the least of which is inadequate transportation because of the terrain; the other against man-made obstacles. The chief of these are absentee financial domination and long-range government from Washington.

Today, as in the time of the gold rush, almost everything, from machinery to food, has to be shipped into Alaska. With only one inadequate railway, and with the Alaskan highway a mud bog for 150 miles south of the Canadian border, airplanes are the chief means of delivery and travel away from the sea. A head of lettuce costs sixty cents today in Fairbanks, a shoeshine fifty cents in Anchorage, a very ordinary meal from \$3.50 to \$4.50 in most of the "cities." Labor is as scarce as building materials. Construction costs are at least three times as high as in expensive Seattle.

Most Alaskans claim that the tight financial control exercised by Seattle leads to their being "held up" on everything they buy, while none of the profits of corporations operating in Alaska are left behind to develop the country's resources. Since William H. Seward bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, they note, there has been taken from here about \$1.5 billion in fish, \$1 billion in minerals and \$150 million in furs, not to mention the "take" from lesser sources of production. Alaskans have little to show for their wealth.

In other words, basic conditions are

little changed from the time when Jack London and Robert Service wrote about them. The issues are the same as when Rex Beach wrote *The Spoilers* in protest against the methods of the big fishing monopolies.

Alaskans stress that it is not only the monopolies which have kept them poor. They say that the Federal government, in the name of conservation, has made it virtually impossible to tap Alaska's undeveloped natural resources. There are at least 21 million feet of timber in Federal reservations, embracing 98 per cent of Alaska's forests. No less than 40,000 square miles have been set aside for Federal purposes, apart from forest and mineral reserves. Abnormal restrictions have been placed on hunting, fishing and even mining.

Because of the interpretation placed by Washington (and by the courts) on a provision of the original treaty with Russia guaranteeing the natives would maintain the same status as before, the Indians claim ownership to most available land. Generally speaking, the laws make it next to impossible for others to get clear title to any Alaskan land.

Ruled from Washington, thousands of miles away, it is difficult for Alaskans to get intelligent decisions on current problems as they develop. Many decisions, the natives insist, are made against Alaska at the behest of senators and representatives from states which might be affected by a Federal ruling for Alaska.

With this double-barreled politico-

business handicap, it is small wonder, Alaskans say angrily, that the population of this vast, rich land has increased only 60,000 in the past 81 years, during a period when the number living in the United States went up 75 million. Small wonder that picturesque Juneau has a population of less than 6000 today; that boom Anchorage, with its bar-lined Main Street, has under 4000; that Fairbanks has about the same and Nome has only 1559. These are modern towns, it is true, with solid buildings, electricity and running water, but they are scarcely cities. All of them have some unpaved streets.

IV

Statehood would alter all this and really open up "our last great frontier" for population and development, its proponents claim. Governor Gruening contends that only as a state can Alaska win back control of a fair share of its natural resources, establish clear-cut land laws and fight successfully against "penalties" such as those imposed by shipping differentials. Only as a state, he holds, could Alaska insist upon adequate funds for road construction and other undertakings which would really open up the interior.

Alaska has had a delegate in Congress since 1906. But he cannot vote. The statehooders say there is no use blinking the fact that, in peacetime, states and districts do get Federal funds for development through congressional log-rolling. Alaska has no

one in Congress in a position to support, say, Oregon's wish for a new dam in exchange for Oregon's support for a road grant to Alaska. Voting senators and a representative, it is held, would have more voice in drafting general legislation affecting Alaska and could make their weight felt in all directions.

The statehooders cite two examples:

Alaska has 6640 miles of coastline, about four times that of the largest state. Ships and small vessels are employed as the only method of getting supplies and doing business. Yet Coast Guard headquarters are being removed and, without voting members in Congress, Alaska cannot effectively protest.

In the vital field of defense, added housing is needed to assure ground-troop protection for Alaskan air bases. The single railway must be reconstructed and other measures taken if Alaska, and hence the United States, which is within easy bomber range from Alaska, is to be safe. But this is officially a time of peace and, unfortunately, home defense money tends to go to areas having votes in Congress.

The opponents of statehood let us look at the picture from the other side. Take roads, for instance. Today Alaska may not get all it wants for constructing them, but, as a Territory, what it *does* get is an outright Federal grant. States have to match Federal road funds fifty-fifty. As a Territory, Alaska gets many other

special benefits without cost which she would not get as a state.

The anti-statehooders argue that of the 90,000 persons in Alaska, perhaps 35,000 are Indians and Eskimos who not only cannot pay taxes but, in many cases, get aid from the Indian Service. Of the whites, only a small percentage are in a position to pay substantial taxes. The whole load of statehood would fall on a small group. The bill would be so big that, instead of being able to pay, they would be driven out of business. Moreover, how much would the politicians help us? Up to now, all they have accomplished is to drive Alaska into debt with their "socialism" and "experiments." At the moment this is a happy hunting ground for Federal bureaucrats.

Governor Gruening, in rebuttal, estimates that statehood would cost Alaska only about \$2 million additional annually. This, he says, could be paid for by diversion to Alaska from the Federal Government of the income from the Pribilof Islands seal fishing. One prominent Alaskan newspaperman wonders "why it would cost much more to support a state than a Territorial legislature and government."

Cap Lathrop insists that the Governor's estimate of added cost is far too low. And he says that because of the U. S. government's international agreements on the Pribilof Islands, it could not turn over the fur funds to Alaska even if it wished to.

There are some amusing sidelights to the battle. One law officer I met in

Alaska explained the battle over statehood this way: "Look," he told me. "There are a handful of people up here because they committed some crime. The Territory is safer for them than the States. We seldom dig into their pasts unless there is a formal request for their extradition. You'd be surprised how much noise these characters make against Alaska becoming a state."

v

Not all the fighting over statehood is partisan, and not all Alaskans have made up their minds definitely. One Fairbanks businessman told me that he'd be willing to pay greater taxes for statehood; he was convinced that the benefits would more than compensate for the cost. But he said he was worried about the prospects of a socialized economy emerging in Alaska after statehood.

A number of other people told me substantially the same thing; *i.e.*, they were all for Alaska becoming a state, but they were afraid that the wrong people might get control. A bush pilot commented: "I believe in statehood now. The only thing I have against it is the gang that's for it. I don't like their social ideas."

Some of the social ideas that are causing concern to these people have already begun to go into effect. The Federal government recently adopted a policy of buying up canneries and turning them over to Indian villages for operation on a loan basis. Perhaps a greater source of controversy is the

program of the Territorial Democratic administration. The Democrats, with the Governor's backing, are now sponsoring a bill "to provide for moderate cost and rental housing projects" and other measures of this type, including an improved school program.

Although they cannot publicly take part in political disputes, most representatives in Alaska of the armed services privately favor statehood. They are concerned about the Soviet population-increase in Eastern Siberia, just across the Bering Straits, and lean to anything that might build up Alaska's small population.

Yet even the extent to which Alaska's population can be increased is a matter of controversy.

Gold production, for example, is a depression industry, and many Alaskan mines are currently shut down. Alaska's timber is capable of producing enough wood pulp to supply the world for years. But it is too soft for lumber, which actually has to be imported. There are big coal deposits a long way from markets. There are latent oil reserves, presently being explored by the Navy, but now oil is being pumped and shipped into Alaska.

The Matanuska Valley farming project, undertaken to resettle destitute farmers during the depression, has proved a long-range success, but only at enormous initial cost. While the amount of arable land in Alaska is debatable, it is widely said to be limited to an extent where it would be

impossible for Alaska to grow food for a large population.

"If more people arrived in Nome today, we would have to send them right out," said one veteran. "We just couldn't ship in enough food for them!"

A number of impartial experts are inclined to believe, in short, that Alaska's resources, considerable though they are, have been greatly overestimated. New developments — and the need for scarce metals Alaska possesses — may alter this estimate.

The aged president of the University of Alaska, a liberal who has lived in the Territory forty years and favors statehood, nevertheless gives it as his considered judgment that Alaska is not capable of supporting a population more than two or three times larger than it now has.

"For one thing," he says, "this is a hard country. Women today do not like to face the back-breaking, lonely existence they must face if their husbands are to make good here as farmers. They like a little fun and the company of their kind."

Despite the violence of the argument, in which almost everyone in Alaska is involved, and despite the fact that practical obstacles do stand in the way of statehood, the tide seems to be running in favor of it both in Alaska and Washington. The "antis," moreover, cannot deny that Alaska has failed to progress without statehood. As matters now stand, it looks as though Alaska might well add the forty-ninth star in 1949.

THE "RED DEAN" MEETS THE PRESS

The Very Reverend Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, is one of the most eminent clerics of the Church of England; he was appointed to his position by King George V. Often referred to as the "Red Dean" because of his persistent defense of the Soviet Union, he has been hailed by some as a primitive Christian of strength and courage, and attacked by others as a renegade to Christian doctrines and morals. But all agree that he has probably done more to make pro-Communism respectable than any other single individual in the English-speaking world. His views thus have obvious public interest, and it is for this reason that his remarks on a broadcast of Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, are here printed, slightly cut but in essence precisely as he made them.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Dr. Johnson, were Gene Morgan of the Chicago *Daily News*, Merrill Meigs of the Chicago *Herald-American*, Irving Pflaum of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*. Robert Hurleigh of the Mutual staff presided.

SPIVAK: Dean, you have been accused of being a Communist by many, and of just being pro-Communist by others. Do you mind telling us — are you a Communist?

DR. JOHNSON: I am not a member of any party.

SPIVAK: You say you're not a Communist then — not a member of the Communist Party.

DR. JOHNSON: I am not a member of any party.

SPIVAK: Do you mind telling us in

what way your philosophy differs from that of the Communists?

DR. JOHNSON: I should have to enter into a long explanation. But I can refer you to the classic definition of Communism: "From everybody according to his ability; all must work." As a matter of fact, the Soviet Union has the only constitution in the world which has duties. The second half of the definition is: "To everybody according to his needs."

SPIVAK: Well, have your political utterances at any time in recent years differed in any way from the Communist Party line? For example, are you for or against the Marshall Plan? Were you for or against the Russian invasion of Finland?

DR. JOHNSON: I objected strongly to England receiving money. I wanted

England to tighten her belt, to be independent, to trade with all who would trade with her: our colonies, our dependencies, our dominions, and the Eastern world in general — the Soviet Union and the republics of Eastern Europe.

PFLAUM: Dr. Johnson, you were against the Marshall Plan for other countries; not only for England.

DR. JOHNSON: That is their business, not mine.

PFLAUM: Well, what is your opinion?

DR. JOHNSON: I think there is something to be said for the Eastern European view. Those who accept the Marshall Plan are in economic difficulties. Those who don't accept it are facilitated by help from other quarters in building up their own industry in order that they may have a planned and balanced economy.

MEIGS: Dean, how can you, the head of a church, possibly condone a philosophy which does not believe in God?

DR. JOHNSON: Have I condoned a philosophy that does not believe in God?

PFLAUM: Well, Dr. Johnson, as I understand it, you believe in God and you believe in the immortal soul of men. You believe that men are to be used not as a means by government, but as an end in themselves. Do you believe that the Soviet government has those ideas?

DR. JOHNSON: I'm sure it believes that. I could, had I a book here, prove it out of their own books.

They believe that man is an end in himself.

MORGAN: In that connection, Dean, I wonder if you have had information as to whether Russian churches which have been closed for religious worship are now used, some of them, as Godless museums.

DR. JOHNSON: I have heard just the opposite. I have been in a church worshipping, since the war, that was once a Godless museum. Now it is restored to a church.

PFLAUM: I can support you there, Dr. Johnson; I was in Russia last year and that's true. But maybe you can explain this to us: Why is it that the Soviet government — or the Communist Party, which is the same thing — discourages Party members from going to church, or worshipping, or adhering to religions other than Communism?

DR. JOHNSON: Perhaps there is a long history behind that. But I would suggest that the discouragement is not prominent today.

PFLAUM: One more question, Dr. Johnson: There are practically no Jewish synagogues or Protestant or Catholic churches. Is there any reason for that?

DR. JOHNSON: That is an extraordinary assertion. I met the heads of the Jewish community; I was in their synagogue. I met the head of the Baptist community, Dr. Zhidkov; I worshipped with him in his church for two hours in a crowded service.

PFLAUM: That's true. There is one

synagogue and one Baptist church for 200 million people. I said "practically none."

DR. JOHNSON: Dr. Zhidkov told me that they were building churches, places for worship, throughout large areas that have been destroyed, and they were receiving great help from the Soviet Union in that very admirable object.

PFLAUM: You didn't see those churches, of course.

DR. JOHNSON: I heard it from the man who has been the head of the Baptist church, and who was a cooperator to the British and Foreign Bible Society. He has been the head of his church since before the Revolution.

SPIVAK: Dean, what you say about Russian religion is extremely interesting, but what Marx and Lenin said is also interesting, and I'd like to know how you reconcile the two. Marx, for example, said that "religion is the opium of the people." And Lenin said, "It is a crude sort of spiritual vodka." Do you really believe, in the face of that, that the Communists are for religion?

DR. JOHNSON: Mr. Spivak, I think you are wrong in your text and your history. It was a co-Canon of my own at Chester Cathedral, Kingsley, who said, "Religion is the opiate of the people." It was not Marx and it was not Lenin, but a Canon of the Church of England, that made that utterance.

SPIVAK: A Canon may have said it, but Marx also said it.¹

DR. JOHNSON: Maybe — and perhaps at times religion is an opium. I should agree with that.

SPIVAK: As a churchman, you say that at times it is "the opium of the people"?

DR. JOHNSON: I'm quite sure that it is the opium of many people who, thinking of what is happening up above, are neglecting the religious duties down below.

SPIVAK: But Communism, Dean, insists that economic factors provide the chief and only effective motive for human action? Do you believe that?

DR. JOHNSON: No, and I don't know that they believe it either. You have distorted what they say.

SPIVAK: I can only read what they say, and they also said that "Man invented religion as a compensation for the lack suffered from the defective economic order." Do you believe that, Dean?

DR. JOHNSON: Man did that in order that he might make the economic order according to his highest ideals. Until he has done that, his religion often has to be in the future and up above. That is only because he has not yet brought it down below. Religion begins in friendship. Where there is friendship, there is religion. I could —

SPIVAK: In short, you believe that your own position is simply transi-

¹In his *Criticism of the Hegelian Philosophy of Law*, published in 1844. — THE EDITORS.

tional, that eventually people like you will become political or economic commissars.

DR. JOHNSON: Nonsense! (LAUGHS.) I never hope to be a political commissar. I am not a professional politician at all. I believe in politics, however, and I think every minister of religion should be interested in politics.

SPIVAK: Well, you believe that Christianity is the source of all inspiration for good works, don't you?

DR. JOHNSON: I most emphatically do.

SPIVAK: And do you think the Marxists believe that?

DR. JOHNSON: I — Where the Marxists believe in carrying friendship to people, bringing them health, bringing them education, bringing them equality of womanhood — in all those directions they're acting profoundly Christian. When I see people doing those things, then I know that they are on His side.

MORGAN: Dean, one of the outstanding manifestations of anti-religion occurred during my stay in Moscow. One of the big social events, you might call it, of the winter in Moscow was a national Godless conference, which received publicity in both *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. The delegates came from all parts of Russia, and they met in a large room which was decorated with cartoons denouncing religion — one of the cartoons, I distinctly recall, showed a party of Jewish people eating pork. A woman aviator

stood up at the conference and testified that in all her flights in the sky she had never met an angel. And they reported activities in their special sections of the country to degrade religion. I wonder if any of that spirit remains, or if the government still permits such activities.

DR. JOHNSON: I didn't find that spirit anywhere. I didn't find it when I talked with Stalin. I didn't find it when I walked in the streets. Let me give you one instance: In Erivan, the capital of Armenia, just beside the church in which I worshipped I met some children playing ball in the street. They moved politely to one side as I passed. They saw the top of the crucifix given to me by the Patriarch of the Greek Russian Church on Victory Day. I saw they were interested, and I pulled it right out, and the sun shone on the diamonds, and the children gave a gasp and said, "Oh, how beautiful!" And then, very quietly and solemnly, this boy of about fourteen stepped out, took the crucifix gently in his hand, and kissed the figure of Jesus. Every child in the whole group did the same.

PFLAUM: I don't want to change the subject — it's a very beautiful subject, Dean, and, of course, we all know that the Russian people are religious — but I don't think that proves anything about the Soviet government itself. The Soviet government hasn't been able,

with this Godless campaign that we just heard about, to stamp out religion. I've heard Soviet officials indicate that they are now using religion as "the opium of the people" themselves. May I get on the subject of freedom? One thing that puzzles me, and you might explain it to me, is why it is that in Tsarist Russia the people were free at least to emigrate, to get out—in this country we have millions of people who came from Russia—whereas today nobody can get out unless he jumps from a third-story window in New York, or flies out in a plane that he steals. No one can get out. Now why is that?

DR. JOHNSON: I don't know; you'd better ask the Kremlin.

PFLAUM: Well, how do you explain it?

DR. JOHNSON: I should suggest that for many years there has been a cold war, and at a time of cold war there are conditions that are different from those which exist between my country and yours. I deplore it. I hope for the day when this suspicion will be removed, when there will be free intercourse between their country and my own country, because I'm convinced we have much to learn from them with regard to liberty, and they have much to learn from us with regard to liberty.

PFLAUM: Dr. Johnson, how will this learning take place if they keep their people chained and locked up in their country? I think those

words are not too strong, because, as you know, people have risked their lives to get out.

DR. JOHNSON: Yes—I don't know how many want to get out at all.

PFLAUM: We'll never know until they are allowed the right to go. You can't explain that, can you?

DR. JOHNSON: I can't explain it, except that I know they feel it is a time of cold war and they are extremely suspicious of the West in general.

SPIVAK: Dean, you've said on a number of occasions that the cruel and totalitarian aspects of Communism are temporary expedients. How do you know they're temporary expedients? The Russian Communist government has been going for more than thirty years.

DR. JOHNSON: I hope they're temporary. Remember there was a Parliament in England one time which gave us the liberties of which we're all so proud, and so rightly proud, today. But that Parliament cut the head off its King.

SPIVAK: Well, if you had been living at that time, Dean, would you have supported the cutting off of heads?

DR. JOHNSON: That was a temporary expedient—I'm afraid not very temporary for poor Charles. But it was apparently necessary at that time. I don't know what I should have done, but I should have been very anxious for those liberties. One of my best friends in England proudly shows me on his family wall a print of the charter to cut

off the head of the King. His name is on that. He is proud of the fact that his ancestors took part in securing those liberties. I deplore all such methods. But the first thing that I do in my history-reading is to try to find the creative elements. There is something creative that moves the 600 million people centering around Asia.

SPIVAK: You don't think, Dean, that in Russia it's just a very strong GPU that moves the people?

DR. JOHNSON: (LAUGHS.) No! No, no, no!

SPIVAK: Have you anything to prove that there's anything else that moves them?

DR. JOHNSON: I have been in Russia from end to end. I've seen the things that move them. I have been in Rumania lately, and I see the things from Russia that move them there—the effort to give help where they've not had it before, the effort to give education where they've not had it before, the effort to give security and employment with a planned economy where they've not had it before. Those are the creative elements.

SPIVAK: Well, Hitler did that too. He gave security, he gave education, he gave employment. But did you condone his methods?

DR. JOHNSON: It was something wholly different that Hitler gave.

SPIVAK: He said it was a temporary expedient . . .

DR. JOHNSON: Yes——

SPIVAK: . . . and that eventually

things would work out. But were you willing to accept that?

DR. JOHNSON: It was a very different thing he was giving the whole time.

SPIVAK: What was the difference?

DR. JOHNSON: There were very many differences.

SPIVAK: Was there any difference to the people who were killed?

DR. JOHNSON: There was a vast difference. Hitler pushed the women back into the kitchen and the nursery and said so. The Russians bring the women out to the front, as Christianity would demand, and they say so.

SPIVAK: There are 12 million people, according to the information we have, who are in Russian concentration camps.

DR. JOHNSON: That——

SPIVAK: Do you, as a religious man, condone that?

DR. JOHNSON: That is an interesting statement, sir. Twelve million people pushed into Siberia! There are two lines of rail to Siberia. That would be the most gigantic feat of organization I have ever heard of, to push 12 million people—nearly the population of Canada—right across a single line of railway, organize them there, rob the country of their productive capacity.

SPIVAK: They've had more than thirty years to do it, and they haven't necessarily robbed them of their productive capacity, because they're using them as slave laborers, aren't they?

DR. JOHNSON: Twelve million been

there all those years? That's the first time I've heard that even stated.

HURLEIGH: Mr. Pflaum, you've had your hand up for some time.

PFLAUM: Yes, it was on a point that the Dean made about three minutes and four arguments ago. It concerned the status of women in Russia. Just last year I was there, and I was interested to notice that the Soviet government was giving prizes for large families, as Mussolini and Hitler did, and that it was making it very difficult to get divorces, and discouraging birth control. And I wondered if that fits into your picture of the free woman.

DR. JOHNSON: I think that is perfectly splendid. My mother had nine children, but my mother had nurses to look after us. My mother knew as much about the nursery and the kitchen as any cook or nurse, but she was not tied to that the whole time. That made her a very broad-minded person, and she was an admirable mate to my father and an admirable mother to her grown-up sons and daughters. It is desired in Russia that precisely the same sort of thing should be allowed to happen. Lenin said he wanted every woman in the land to know how to govern the land, every cook to know how to govern. They're trying to bring up a whole set of people with the same advantages that we had in our family, when I was a boy.

MEIGS: Would you like to see the

Soviet political and economic system fastened on England?

DR. JOHNSON: I don't want to see anything "fastened on" England. I shall be very glad when England moves into a full socialism, because I feel that that is in the way both of science, which postulates greater organization as the one mark of the evolutionary line, and of Christianity, which looks forward to an integrated, brotherly society.

MEIGS: You say you'll be glad to see England move into socialism?

DR. JOHNSON: Yes.

MEIGS: But not into Communism?

DR. JOHNSON: No, I didn't say that. I beg you to go back to my original definition of Communism. Socialism says, "Give to each according to his work." That is the preliminary stage, according to Marx, Lenin, or any socialist. But that is not the goal. The goal is a better one than that. It requires a very rich nation to be able to do it — a very disciplined nation, a gentlemanly nation, to dare to do it. For the next stage is: "Give to each according to his need, apart from work." You can't do that in a work-shy community; you can only do it with a gentlemanly community, in the sense in which Bernard Shaw defines a gentleman — as "a man who puts more into the common pot than he takes out of it for himself." That, I think, is a Christian ideal.

HURLEIGH: I'm sorry to interrupt, but our time is up.

SLUGGED BLOOD

BY MILTON L. ZISOWITZ

BLOOD is synonymous with life. When it stops flowing through the thousands of miles of arteries, veins and capillaries which reach out into the remotest parts of the body, death follows quickly. Everyone knows this. Few people know, however, that there are times — in disease, in injury, in old age — when the blood begins to lose its liquid character, to clump together into masses, to plug some of the smaller vessels. When this happens, even though the general circulation may continue seemingly unimpeded, parts of the organism are deprived of the oxygen and other nutrients they need to carry on their functions, and damage — even death — may be the result. This “sludging” of the blood has been observed for almost a century, but not until comparatively recent times have scientists begun to study the phenomenon systematically. Only a few months ago, the first comprehensive reports on sixteen years of intensive research began to come from the laboratories of Drs. Melvin H. Knisely, Edward

H. Bloch, Theodore S. Eliot, and Louise Warner, of the Universities of Chicago, Copenhagen, and Tennessee. And, though the reports were cautious, they have created an unusual stir among physicians and biologists. For in addition to opening up entirely new fields in the investigation of blood disease, the experiments that Dr. Knisely and his associates are conducting may furnish important clues toward the solution of one of the oldest and most baffling of medical problems — the problem of aging.

Although it has been studied almost from the beginning of medical history, blood has not yet revealed all its secrets to the scientists. Every bright schoolboy knows the basic facts: that the seemingly homogeneous liquid really consists of red and white cells floating in a straw-colored plasma; that the red cells pick up oxygen as they pass through the lungs and deliver it to all parts of the body; that the white cells engulf and destroy invading organisms; that the bloodstream not only carries nutrients to all the tissues, but also removes waste

MILTON L. ZISOWITZ is a teacher of English in the New York City high schools and a writer on scientific subjects for the *MERCURY* and other magazines. Together with Eleanor Bennett he contributed “New Facts about Pernicious Anemia” to these pages in February. This report has been checked and approved by several specialists in the field.

products from the system; that the flow of this essential fluid to every cell of the body through a complex closed pipeline of arteries, capillaries, and veins is kept in ceaseless motion by the pumping action of the heart. But the blood has many other components and many additional functions, and scientists are constantly seeking and finding new ones. Some of these are fully understood, others are still being investigated. Still obscure, for example, are the functions of the platelets — the colorless, disc-like bodies which float in the plasma along with the red and white cells. Research workers are still probing the mysteries of blood pressure, especially its unaccountable fluctuations in illness and in health. Not yet satisfactorily explained, either, is the mechanism of clot formation. But despite these gaps in our knowledge, the last few years have witnessed enormous advances in knowledge concerning the special properties of blood.

II

The man who has probably done most to hasten this progress is Dr. Edwin J. Cohn, Chairman of the Department of Physical Chemistry at the Harvard Medical School. His world famous researches in blood protein fractionation have been milestones in the march of scientific knowledge, and they have saved countless lives. Concentrating his work on the plasma, Dr. Cohn has broken this straw-colored fluid into five separate fractions,

four of which have already been shown to possess definite physiologic functions and therapeutic values. The largest single component of the plasma is Serum Albumin, whose function is to maintain an adequate volume of blood in the body. Unlike whole plasma, for which it is a perfect substitute in cases of shock and severe burns, Serum Albumin lasts indefinitely, needs no refrigeration even in the tropics, and does not have to be converted into powdered form for transportation or storage. Another fraction, the Gamma Globulins, carries the antibodies that help in the organism's fight against disease. The Gamma Globulins have already proved effective in the prevention and treatment of measles and jaundice, and studies of their value in other diseases such as diphtheria, whooping cough, mumps and scarlet fever, are now under way. Fibrinogen is another of the plasma fractions that Dr. Cohn has isolated. This is the substance which, with the help of Thrombin, a ferment produced when blood is shed, is converted into Fibrin, the clot material. From Fibrinogen, the scientists have made a large variety of plastics which are extremely useful in checking the flow of blood. One of these is fibrin foam, a sponge-like substance that can be placed in open wounds to stop hemorrhages. In the form of an extremely elastic film, Fibrinogen is being widely used in neuro-surgery to repair damages to the brain membrane. Surgeons are taking advantage of the adhesive and

hemorrhage-curbing qualities of this substance in the treatment of burns and in skin grafting. The Isoagglutinins, a fourth fraction, are useful in cases where whole-blood transfusions are necessary. In emergencies, when speed is essential, they may be used to hasten the blood-typing process by interacting with red cells according to their specific blood groups; this technique can save a good deal of time and make some complicated laboratory procedures unnecessary. The functions of the last fraction that Dr. Cohn has isolated, Alpha Globulin, are not completely understood, nor has a definite medical use for the substance been found. Scientists are hopeful, however, that the investigations which have been made possible by the isolation and purification of this component of plasma will lead to the discovery of its physiological function and to some therapeutic values.

In order for the blood to perform its complex and manifold functions, it must remain in a fluid state so that it can circulate freely to all parts of the body. Any interference with this steady flow, even for a comparatively short time, will deprive the cells of the oxygen and nutrients which they need, will cause wastes to accumulate, will prevent the blood from performing its other essential functions, and may cause serious damage to, and ultimate destruction of, the tissues. It is this blocking of circulation by the sludges which appear in disease, injury, and age, that Dr.

Knisely and his co-workers have been studying in animals and human beings.

For the most part, the researchers have been using two techniques in making their observations. Thousands of living laboratory animals have been carefully anesthetized and operated upon; and tissues, such as muscle, intestinal lining, brain, liver, etc., have been exposed and examined under the microscope. This has been done in order to learn about the structure, dimensions and natural behavior of the blood and vessels of living internal organs. Since 1941, Dr. Knisely and the other scientists have focused specially-designed microscopes on the delicate blood vessels in the eye membranes of hundreds of living, unanesthetized, unoperated-on men and women. Skillfully used, this procedure causes almost no discomfort to most subjects, and affords the investigators an opportunity to observe the circulating blood under the most normal possible conditions.

In healthy animals, and in fifty medical students and student nurses in prime physical condition who volunteered to take part in the experiments, the blood was found to be flowing freely and speedily through the capillaries. Far from clumping together into sludges, the red cells seemed to repel each other. The inner surfaces of the vessels were smooth and clean, with no white cells sticking to the linings. The walls of the healthy vessels did not leak appreciable amounts of plasma. Despite the narrowness of the capil-

laries, and despite the fact that the junctions between vessels are frequently smaller in diameter than the bodies which must go through them, the red and white cells pass these bottlenecks easily. (They fold over and are temporarily squeezed out of shape.)

III

The picture is vastly different in disease, injury and old age. In every single one of about six hundred unanesthetized human patients diagnosed by practising physicians as having a wide variety of pathologic conditions, Dr. Knisely and his associates have seen the blood cells agglutinated into masses. This changes the blood from its normal fluid state to a circulating sludge. The men and women who were observed during these experiments were suffering from ailments ranging in seriousness from the common cold, chronic sinusitis, and measles, to heart disease, syphilis of the central nervous system, and cancer. All accident cases, even when the injuries were not very severe, showed sludging of the blood. Even in such conditions as hysteria and acute alcoholism, slugged blood was evident. The more severe degrees of agglutination have been exhibited, of course, only in animals during controlled experiments and in persons who were sufficiently ill to have placed themselves under the care of physicians. But no severely ill person has yet been seen who did not have some agglutination; and the investigators

stress the point that thus far, they have found completely unslugged blood only in young, healthy animals and men.

There are many ways in which these sludges, interfering as they do with the normal circulation of the blood, can cause injury to the body. Some of the masses are large enough to plug tiny vessels permanently. The damage done by these permanent plugs depends upon their number, their concentration in the blood at any one time, and the particular tissues which they happen to affect. Such masses can, in relatively low concentrations, be utterly devastating over a period of years, months, or even weeks. One young woman who was referred to the experimenters from a psychiatric hospital because she seemed to have some blood disorder in addition to her psychological disturbances had eight small plugs in the arterioles of the membrane of one side of one eye. As she was being examined, more masses came along, temporarily clogged the vessels, and finally moved on. Two weeks later, the researchers examined the patient again and found that three more permanent plugs had been formed. This seemed to indicate that the woman's whole central nervous system was slowly being showered with permanent plugs, each of which destroyed a small volume of irreplaceable nerve cells by cutting off their oxygen supply. This checking of the oxygen supply can cause equally serious damage to other tissues. If the

linings of the blood vessels are affected, plasma begins to leak into the surrounding tissues, causing severe swelling of tissues and grave disturbances in the composition of the blood. This blocking of the vessels, with its consequent leakage of plasma and swelling, is particularly noticeable in patients suffering from rheumatoid arthritis. If the plugs lodge themselves in the tiny vessels which supply the walls of the larger arteries and veins, they may initiate those pathologic changes which are found in men and women with arteriosclerosis and other circulatory diseases.

IV

Another phenomenon which may cause damage to the organism has been observed by Dr. Knisely and his associates. The spleen and the liver contain cells whose function is to remove old and diseased red corpuscles from the blood stream. These bodies never engulf healthy red cells, but they do destroy agglutinated masses. A too rapid and continued ingestion of agglutinated cells by the phagocytes of the spleen and the liver may be a major factor in causing many kinds of human anemias. Moreover, along with the red cells, the sludges contain large amounts of proteins and immunity-bearing Gamma Globulins; and the destruction of these substances may not only cause a severe protein deficiency in the body, but may also weaken the individual's resistance to various infectious diseases.

The investigations of blood sludging may help to explain one of the most serious hazards of illnesses and surgical procedures that involve prolonged bed rest — the formation of thrombi. These are clots, large and small, which frequently form in the veins of bed-ridden patients' legs. If these thrombi become detached, they begin to wander through the circulatory system. When they strike a vital organ such as the lungs, the brain, or the heart, they may cause death. The reasons for the formation of these large blood clots are obscure, but Dr. Knisely and his fellows believe that they may be initiated by the masses of agglutinated blood.

Finally, the leakage of plasma and the destruction of large amounts of blood which are caused by the sludging may give scientists a deeper insight into the problem of shock. Doctors know that decreased blood volume is at least partially responsible for shock. The depletion of the blood stream attendant on sludging may, according to the investigators, furnish a clue toward the understanding of this condition.

Doctors are hopeful that the researches which Dr. Knisely and his group have initiated may lead to the solution of many other medical problems. There are certain nutritional disturbances which have never been satisfactorily explained. There are certain multiple-symptomed diseases related to the blood stream that are still mysteries. There are certain infections which inexplicably become

focused in particular organs, such as the kidneys and the heart, which still baffle the medical profession. There are such dreadful scourges as multiple sclerosis which are still highly mysterious in origin. The researches in blood sludging may prove valuable in the understanding of all these diseases. According to Dr. Shepard Shapiro, a prominent New York City blood specialist, "Dr. Knisely's work may prove to be as important to medicine as the discoveries of the bacterial and virus diseases."

One significant possibility that has been opened up by these researches is that they may furnish an explanation for the aging process. When one considers the number of already observed pathologic conditions during which sludges were present, the fact that many sludges could be expected to inflict at least some permanent damage to the body, and the fact that these damages must be cumulative over a long period, it becomes obvious that scientists must now begin to determine carefully how all the damages done to the body by sludges can be related to the aging processes. In connection with this possibility, Dr. Knisely and his co-workers ask certain basic questions: In which different and overlapping combinations can the damages caused by sludges, and the bodily readjust-

ments to these, cause us to age more rapidly? How fast can this damage be done? How do these factors cumulate along with other non-sludge factors in the various aging processes?

To these questions, and to many others that their investigations have raised, Dr. Knisely and his group do not pretend to have final answers. They are still looking for them. What they do maintain is that their observations, experiments, and deductions are evidence that the sludges provide a common, easily understandable explanation for many diseases that damage the bodies of animals and men. Much more research, by many more scientists, will be needed before the mechanism of blood sludging and its relationship to disease is fully clarified. Dr. Knisely and his fellow scientists have put it this way: "One great hope provided by these studies is that, as we learn how to keep blood normally unagglutinated and fluid, vessel walls intact, normal red cells from being destroyed, and adequate blood volume present, many effects of other pathologic mechanisms will stand out clearly, unobscured by the sludge mechanisms. Each will, of course, then receive the undivided attention it merits. The sludges are now ready for study by all the intensive investigative methods our age affords."



Some Facts About HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

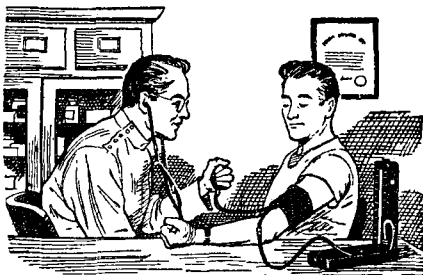
BLOOD PRESSURE rises when a person is active. After the strain has passed, the pressure generally returns to its regular level. If it is persistently and excessively above normal, however, that condition is called hypertension—or high blood pressure. This affects the circulatory system and may lead to serious conditions of the heart, brain, and kidneys.



High blood pressure itself is not a disease, but a symptom of some underlying disorder. Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of this condition, and is striving for im-

proved methods of treating it. Special diets have sometimes proved effective. In a limited number of cases, surgery has been used. Additional research is concentrating on mental and emotional factors. There is also hope that newly discovered drugs may prove beneficial.

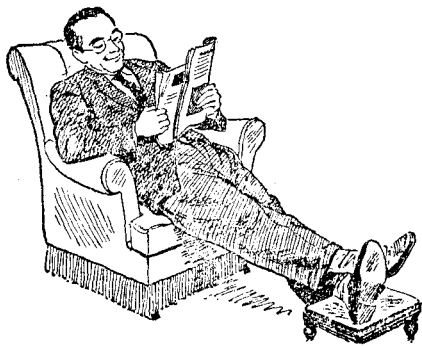
Periodic physical examinations help reveal hypertension early, when doc-



tors say that chances for control are best. Such check-ups may also discover possible infections which may be causing the condition.

As a result of physical examinations,

the doctor may make suggestions for improving your health, such as eating wisely and *keeping weight down*. The latter is especially important, for high blood pressure is more than twice as common among fat people than it is among persons of normal weight.



In many high blood pressure cases, the best "medicine" is often simply *moderation in every physical and mental activity*. The patient may be advised to work and play at a slower pace, to avoid emotional strain, and to get plenty of rest and sleep. This helps to lessen the demands on the circulatory system, and may lower blood pressure.



Today, under good medical guidance, the outlook for people with high blood pressure is better than ever before. By carefully following the doctor's advice, they can often avoid complications and look forward to long, useful lives.

• • •

Aiding in the development of more effective measures to help combat high blood pressure is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies. This fund is making grants for research in diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 59-L, entitled, "Your Heart." This contains many facts about high blood pressure and diseases related to the heart.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

ROBERT E. LEE: THE SOUTHERN SAINT

BY RICHARD O'CONNOR

THE year 1948 saw the South rally again around Confederate flags, recall the hallowed names of 1861-65, and raise the cry of States Rights as opposed to Civil Rights. The name of Robert E. Lee was invoked, of course, as the most compelling of all Confederate touchstones.

The shade of Lee, looking down on this faintly reminiscent scene, with the slogans though not the fervor of the first Secession, was probably less than enthusiastic. By his own words, the cause of Secession never much enlisted his sympathies, whether the cause was concerned with States Rights or the defense of slavery as an institution. He had never questioned his loyalty to the Union until the war crisis was actually at hand in 1861. Only then, when his native state of Virginia had seceded and was obviously about to be invaded, did his devotion to the Federal government evaporate.

"Virginia to him was the world" — the world of Arlington, the world of Washington, the tranquil world of his beloved family . . . and for it he

foreswore command of the Union armies and every material advantage that went with it. He and Virginia were inseparable. This "love of place" is an American characteristic; it has been said that through all our wars American soldiers have fought for a stretch of red clay in Georgia, or for a New England valley, as much as for the United States as a whole. It was this parochial element that was Lee's greatest weakness as a citizen, and his greatest strength as a Confederate soldier.

His service to the Confederacy, therefore, was limited, as can be seen from his statement on resigning from the Federal army — "Save in defense of my native state, I never desire to draw my sword." True, he led invasions of Maryland and Pennsylvania, but these can fairly be said to have been only aggressive defense of Virginia. He refused to go West at a critical period to take over the Confederacy's forces there, though the weaknesses in the Western command resulted in collapse and foreshadowed Lee's own surrender in the East. The

RICHARD O'CONNOR is the author of *Thomas: Rock of Chickamauga*, published recently by Prentice-Hall; of *Hood: The Self-Made Cavalier*; and of many magazine articles, including a reappraisal of General Sherman which appeared in the *MERCURY* last November.

fact is that beyond Virginia his vision became astigmatic.

Lee, the home-lover extraordinary, is not difficult to understand once he is envisioned against the background of his early life. His boyhood and youth were no idyll such as most high-born Virginians enjoyed. A brilliant but erratic father, and an elder brother with a wild streak that scandalized even the easy-going planter aristocracy, were two reasons for an unhappy beginning of Lee's life.

II

The sons of great soldiers rarely amount to much on their own — Alexander the Great was one of the rare exceptions — but Lee surmounted this initial handicap. His father, Light Horse Harry Lee, was one of Washington's few brilliant generals. Once the American Revolution ended in victory, however, he was unable to adapt himself to a peaceful existence; he became involved in weird speculations, lost his fortune and family estate, and finally was jailed as a debtor. In 1812 he was badly injured and disfigured in a brawl which grew out of his conviction that the United States and Great Britain should not go to war again. Soon thereafter the ex-hero, scarred, humiliated, hounded by creditors, sailed away to a Caribbean island to spend his last few years in peace.

Behind him, Light Horse Harry left a family sorely in need of a father's support and discipline. Certainly Robert E. Lee's elder half-

brother, Henry ("Black Horse Harry") Lee did not take his father's place. Black Horse Harry squandered an inherited estate, married a young woman of wealth, became involved in an affair with her younger sister. He, too, spent his last years in exile.

Young Robert was his invalid mother's sole prop and comfort. When he went to West Point, chiefly because it offered a free education, she accompanied him, saying, "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me." During the years of his youth, he consciously modeled himself after a man who did not resemble his father or elder brother in any fashion — George Washington. That Virginia gentleman was held up as a model to most young Americans, but none of them took heed of the model as faithfully as Lee did. The memory of Washington, as Lee assiduously applied himself to study it, became a sort of shadow father to him — almost an obsession.

It was not strange, therefore, that he married Mary Ann Randolph Custis, whose father was the stepson of George Washington. He was not only following the dictates of his heart — his devotion to his wife, who early became an invalid, was one of the most attractive facets of his character — but also of the aristocratic principle to which he had dedicated himself. "Never marry unless you can do so into a family which will enable your children to feel proud of both sides of the house," he once advised a young lieutenant in his

regiment in Texas. Stuffy? Yes, but understandable when viewed against the background of disgrace and insecurity that afflicted his family early in his life. Lee was determined to build his own family on solid ground. The letters he wrote home, to his wife, and the seven children she bore him, show a capacity for love, an unsuspected vein of humor, a gentle wisdom.

Lee's career as an officer in the United States Army was also built on solid ground. His excellent record at West Point led to an appointment in the élite engineers corps; there he learned to tackle the rockiest problems with patience and diligence. When the Mexican War came, he rose to every opportunity while serving on the staff of General-in-chief Winfield Scott. In the advance on Mexico City, he distinguished himself not only in the planning of operations but on the battlefields as an officer of initiative and audacity. The army's choicest plums fell to him, without much shaking of the tree, due to the high favor of General Scott. He became superintendent of the military academy at West Point, where he was admired as much for his acute insight into cadet waywardness as for his justice in dealing with it. One of his malingering cadets received a typical Lee inquiry: "How is your mother? I am sure you must be devoted to her; you are so careful of the health of her son."

Later he served as lieutenant colonel of the crack Second Cavalry

in Texas, until the Southern states began seceding and the Federal government made determined overtures to keep him in its army. There is little doubt that he was the choice of President Lincoln and General Scott to command the Federal army in event of war. Scott termed him "the very best soldier I ever saw in the field," and Lincoln promoted him to full colonel.

The struggle over Lee's political and military soul assumed heroic proportions. Scott gave him a fatherly lecture, pointed out that he himself was a Virginian and would remain loyal to the Union, hinted at the promotions and opportunities that would fall to him. Lincoln had one of his most trusted advisers approach Lee with an offer of field command of the Federal forces. Then, as later, a fence-straddling tendency, which he used to great advantage in dealing with Jefferson Davis and other touchy gentlemen, manifested itself. "While I wish to do what is right," Lee double-talked, "I am unwilling to do what is wrong, either at the bidding of the South or North." The budding Confederacy itself was uncertain of Lee's loyalty. But the moment the Virginia legislature passed an ordinance of Secession, Lee made his fateful choice.¹

¹ Many have engaged in futile speculation over how long the Southern rebellion would have lasted if Lee had remained in the Federal army and directed its movements in the place of a long line of blunderers who made the Army of the Potomac into a rubbernecking excursion of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. Today there is little doubt that the Civil War would have lasted four years if Lee had remained in the Union army.

III

As a Confederate general, Lee rose as swiftly to high responsibility as Dwight D. Eisenhower did in World War II. Aside from the fact that both rose from field officer to full general, Lee and Eisenhower shared a great talent for diplomacy and keeping rival generals from each other's throats. Lee's first post was serving as President Davis' military adviser, an empty honor since Davis asked military advice of no one, in fact resented it. So Lee sweated over the grubby details of supply procurement and bureaucratic detail while Generals Joseph E. Johnston and P. G. T. Beauregard were becoming famous at First Manassas. He was sent into the field, finally, when operations in West Virginia blew a fuse over the rivalry of a pair of political generals. It was a futile mission: he was given supervision over their movements without the power of command. Disaster resulted, and he became known in the newspapers as "Evacuating Lee."

Lee's opportunity, one which he seized and never let go, came in the spring of 1862 when Union General George B. McClellan opened the Peninsular campaign against Richmond. General Johnston and President Davis, enemies of long standing, had been quarreling over every detail of the strategy necessary to halt McClellan. The bickering ended only when Johnston was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines a few miles

outside the Confederate capital; and Lee, who then had the grandiose title of "general in charge of military operations under the direction of the President," which meant exactly nothing, replaced him. (Beauregard, Joe Johnston and other generals had already failed miserably in attempting to fight under Davis' direction.) Davis, a West Pointer, an ex-secretary of war of the United States, and most particularly a hero of the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War, believed above everything else that he possessed extraordinary military talent; and any general who disagreed with him was signing his own walking papers. Lee understood this delusion of Davis', and made the most of it instead of trying to destroy it, as others did. He correctly gauged the stubbornness behind it; realized it could only be diverted, never ended. As Carl Sandburg analyzed their relationship, it was "a rare and peculiar partnership that rested chiefly on Lee's understanding of Davis, on his gift of taking what he could get and never complaining because he was not given more." It could be said, perhaps, that Lee played the "perfect wife" to a difficult husband, in coping with Davis.

To the command of the Eastern army, in its moment of crisis, Lee brought also a sense of reality. "The war may last ten years," he had said when the fire-eaters were proclaiming that "one Southerner can whip seven Yankees," etc. He himself always spoke respectfully of the enemy, al-

most dispassionately, referring to them as "those people" or "our friends across the river." He did not fall in with the belief that the Confederacy could endure only through a Fabian policy of retreating, prolonging the war at any cost, so that the Northern will-to-fight would be dissipated, as Joe Johnston did, for example, but soon showed he meant to conquer or perish in the field. Just after assuming command, he listened to a young staff officer demonstrating how McClellan's greatly superior forces could drive into Richmond. "Stop, stop!" he cried. "If you go to ciphering we are whipped beforehand."

It developed that McClellan, for all his superiority in numbers, guns and supplies, could not take Richmond. He inflicted greater casualties on the defending army than he suffered himself, but he allowed himself to be bluffed, outmaneuvered and shoved back to a new base. A regiment of the Texas Brigade lost 600 of its 800 men, as an indication of Confederate losses, but Lee kept driving his army in ceaseless counter-attacks and hiding from McClellan the fact that the Union had all but won. At Malvern Hill, where McClellan paused in his retreat and posted his artillery in deadly terraces, Lee maintained his counter-offensive at a reckless cost. Thousands of Confederate soldiers died in futile assaults; one of his generals, D. H. Hill, commented it was "murder, not war." But Lee did not call off the

attacks against heights bristling with cannon until his army was incapable of continuing them.

It was observed (by General Longstreet among others) that Lee became obsessed at times and continued ordering assaults even when they were hopeless and were draining the South of its limited manpower. The acute General Hill remarked after the war that Lee's assaults "were all grand but of exactly that grandeur the South could not afford."

IV

Longstreet, Hill, Joe Johnston and other Southern generals saw that there was a limit to what the Confederacy could do aggressively, while Jackson, Beauregard and Forrest were advocating invasions of the North. The aggressive generals believed the North could be defeated, and peace enforced, on Northern soil. The defensive-minded generals held that the South's only chance, with its meagre resources in men and matériel, was to maintain its armies in the field, trade space for time, and hope that the Union would be exhausted or that foreign powers would intervene, with a negotiated peace resulting.

In this division of opinion, Lee straddled the fence. He led two abortive invasions of the North; he also fought brilliant defensive battles. When McClellan's army finally was withdrawn from the Peninsula and the Union repeated its Bull Run campaign of 1861, Lee audaciously

divided his army and cut Pope to pieces. With these two victories behind him, Lee decided on invasion himself, *via* Maryland. If Europe could be shown that the North could not defend itself, perhaps recognition would be granted the Confederacy, with all its material advantages.

The come-uppance of his first major offensive was the battle of Sharpsburg (or Antietam). McClellan had been restored to command, and Pope sent back to Indian-fighting, on the Northern side. Lee's most devout admirers could not claim that Sharpsburg was a happy example of his generalship. He took the supreme military hazard of dividing his forces — which is genius when it works, idiotic gambling when it doesn't — and this time luck was against him. He sent Stonewall Jackson and his corps to take Harpers Ferry, while Longstreet was dispatched toward Hagerstown on the false intelligence that the Federals were advancing there. His famous "lost order" fell into McClellan's hands and gave the enemy the added advantage of knowing his plans and dispositions. The result was 13,000 Confederate casualties at Sharpsburg. Lee was lucky to be able to retreat unharassed.

What Lee did to Burnside and Hooker, McClellan's successors as commanders of the Army of the Potomac, more than made up for his miscalculations at Sharpsburg. At Fredericksburg, he sat on fortified heights while that amiable bumbler, Burnside, sent the Union army up

against him in assault after hopeless assault. Burnside finally withdrew, on the urgent advice of his generals, leaving thousands of Union men lying on the slopes dead or wounded. It was while viewing this gory spectacle, after the battle, that Lee made his classic remark on the horrors of war. "It is well war is so terrible, or else we might become too fond of it." There was often a sardonic touch to Lee's observations which seems to have escaped most of his biographers, occupied as they have been with seeking out the sheerly noble in his character. Some of his closest associates — especially "Old Pete" Longstreet, one of his chief subordinates, who was constantly being put in his place by Lee without realizing it — seemed to have been unconscious of this element in Lee, and so perhaps his biographers may be forgiven for their omissions.

Less forgivable, however, is their picture of him as a benign patriarch, moving among his soldiers like an Old Testament figure.

Lee's paternalism, as it affected his soldiers, was stern rather than indulgent. He cracked down on deserters and malingerers without mercy; he came down heavy-handed on other military offenses; and even with his generals, he could be quite peremptory in sacking those who did not live up to his standards. He did not have the "common touch" — he would have disdained it as unworthy of a true leader. Fortunately, his troops were accustomed to the feudal con-

cept of a commander by reason of the South's social and economic system, which did not hesitate to divide its people into gentry and yeomen and serfs. (Lee came by this feudal outlook honestly, having descended from Launcelot Lee, who fought at Hastings under William the Conqueror, and Lionel Lee, one of Richard the Lion-Hearted's chief lieutenants at the siege of Acre.) The Confederate commander was a solitary man; no one outside his family was close to him, and austerity marked his manner above any other trait. As Gamaliel Bradford said, "Lee had one intimate friend — God."

v

The battle of Chancellorsville again demonstrated the superb audacity of Lee's generalship. Perhaps, also, it showed his contempt for the Federal opponent. Heavily outnumbered and outgunned, he tore apart the Union army under its new commander, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, who soon belied his sobriquet, and sent it reeling back in an inexcusable defeat. With 80,000 troops to Lee's 60,000, Hooker marched confidently into the Wilderness, bragging he would take Richmond with one stroke. But midway in the campaign, instead of driving through with his excellent plan and maintaining the offensive, Hooker switched to the defensive, and the initiative passed to Lee. That general wanted nothing better: he sent Stonewall Jackson on one of his famous flanking marches, and the Army of

the Potomac crumbled with shocking speed. A few months after the battle Hooker himself gave the best reason for his unreasonable defeat: "For once I lost confidence in Hooker, and that is all there is to it." It might be added that any general opposing Lee needed confidence in large amounts.

Next came the invasion of Pennsylvania and the resultant battle of Gettysburg, Lee's greatest defeat. The death of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville was a contributing factor of incalculable weight. Jackson and Lee had always understood each other; it was one of the secrets of their mutual success. But Longstreet, the new senior corps commander, was always yearning for independent command, for a chance to emerge from Lee's shadow. He disputed with Lee over plans for the battle, as Jackson never would have. And, losing the argument, Longstreet failed to carry out his orders with the speed and precision they required. Another disheartening factor was Jeb Stuart's vainglorious cavalry expedition, launched at a time when Lee needed him as the "eyes of the army." The pursuit of glory was one thing Lee could not control among his generals.

The accidental collision at Gettysburg of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac, the latter now under the command of the competent George Gordon Meade, marked the high tide of the Confederacy. Meade's army managed to seize the high ground first — partly because of Longstreet's dilatory

movements — and the story of July 2 and 3, 1863, was mainly one of Confederate infantry opposed to Federal firepower. After Lee ordered Pickett's 15,000 men into their hopeless charge, and it failed with such an effusion of blood that even Lee was shaken and cried out that the blame was his, there was nothing left but to withdraw. When Longstreet pleaded that the last assault should not be made, Lee had stubbornly replied, "The enemy is there and I am going to strike him" — hardly the words of an all-wise general. He had shaken off Longstreet's declarations that the army must assume the tactical defensive, that it must let the Federals come to it and take the risks; now he manfully and rightly assumed the burden of blame. Yet the Gettysburg campaign was not an entire loss, for Lee's wagon trains returned to Virginia laden with the food and captured supplies it needed to continue the war.

VI

In the spring of 1864 it became obvious that the Confederacy would have to fight for its life with little hope of inflicting any damage on the Union except a frightful attrition of its fighting manpower. President Lincoln had become disgusted with the futile and disjointed efforts of his generals and took a hand in strategy himself, feeling that he had had a painful education in the subject. He saw that coordination of all Federal forces was necessary for total victory,

and he chose U. S. Grant as the man most capable of achieving it. The Confederacy was to be hit repeatedly from all sides until it was exhausted.

The Confederate hope of foreign recognition and assistance had almost disappeared. Its strategy now was based on the hope that the North would succumb to war-weariness, reject Lincoln's second-term candidacy, elect the appeasement advocate McClellan, and agree to a negotiated peace. In the rôle of last-ditch defender, and architect of attrition, Lee was at his soldierly greatest. Grant's year of fighting, marching and laying siege to the defenses of Richmond was such a tale of blood and woe that the North came closer than it now seems possible to giving up the fight.

Several of Lee's indubitable mistakes and weaknesses have been cited above. Nevertheless, his troops endured untold privation and fought against hopeless odds only because of their faith in him. No other American general has ever won the trust and devotion of his troops that Lee had. His few imperfections as a soldier were never visible to them.

Lee's counter-attacks in the Wilderness, his construction of defenses on the Petersburg-Richmond line (which were comparable to the field fortifications of World War I), his maneuvers after the retreat from that line, have perhaps never been equaled, all conditions being comparable, in defensive warfare.

It has been maintained, however,

that Lee was not completely dutiful to his cause in refusing to assume greater powers—civilian as well as military—and become virtual dictator of the Confederacy when it was apparent that Jefferson Davis had completely lost the confidence of the Southern people. Duncan Aikman, in *The Turning Stream*, commented:

With all his virtue of possessing perhaps the most equable mind in the ante-bellum South, General Lee was stymied by a narrow and “ethical” professionalism which led him to maintain almost to the end of his life that he was only a soldier. . . . The narrowly arrogant President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, could well have used military advice from a mind as composed as Lee’s was by balance, sense of proportion, and aristocratic humane-ness. . . . Lee lacked the temper, the conscience, the necessary daring, and the unconventional forth-putting qualities to have it allowed to be elicited. . . .

But, in another view, Lee could be highly praised for resisting, as few men in his position would have, the temptation to assume the classic general-on-horseback rôle. Of course, it is possible he realized that the Confederacy was doomed and that there was little profit in assuming more responsibility than necessary for its final collapse.

When surrender became inevitable and an uneasy peace resulted, Lee’s quiet resumption of his duties as a citizen, and his advice to his fellow-Southerners—“Abandon all these

local animosities and make your sons Americans”—were beyond reproach. His subsequent rôle of educator, as president of Washington College until his death in 1870, was undertaken with these words: “I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life.” These words, perhaps more than any of the epitaphs written for Lee, do justice to the man.

As general of the Confederacy, as legend, as saintly leader of a nostalgic “lost cause,” as a heroic figure admirably suited for casting into bronze or decorating “historical” fiction, Lee has had an amazing survival in the American mind. The staying power of a defeated military leader can be explained only by his transference from recorded history to the realm of legend. Lee is nothing if not a legendary figure. Like Lincoln in the North, he became a folk-hero of the Civil War. And like Lincoln, his human qualities have become so obscured in the process of creating legend—of making him a military saint—that he has become as lifeless as the equestrian statues of him which ride endlessly across the Southern landscape. Some day, it may be hoped, as in the case of Lincoln, he will be reconverted from bronze, and a genuine understanding of Robert E. Lee will be possible for new generations.



MEMORIES OF THE FAT YEARS

BY WAVERLEY ROOT

GOING through a bureau drawer the other day, I came across a photograph of myself—an after-lunch photograph. The foreground was occupied by a large bowl containing the remnants of, I believe, *hare pâté*. Close behind it was an earthenware jar which had recently been emptied of pickled cherries. The next plane was occupied by two wine bottles (empty) and two wine glasses (also empty). Behind all this wreckage was your servant (full), head propped comfortably against the right palm, eyes half closed, radiating comatose contentment and vaguely suggesting a python after his semi-annual meal. Consciousness had not yet disappeared. The clutch on the balloon glass of old brandy was firm.

That photograph was taken on the terrace of the restaurant of La Mère Germaine in Château-Neuf-du-Pape by a luncheon companion unable to resist the temptation of recording the beatific set of my well-fed features. It dated from a vanished age—to be precise, from May 10, 1940. France was at war, but Château-Neuf-du-Pape was not.

I knew the food was going to be

good from the moment I turned off the Paris-Avignon highway and found myself rolling along a pleasant country road with vineyards stretching away on either side as far as I could see. Tristan Tzara, the surrealist poet, had told me before I left Paris not to miss La Mère Germaine's, but I had been apprehensive of finding something surrealistic in the way of food. The look of the countryside banished my fears. The region was obviously inhabited by persons who ate well. There was no jarring note anywhere in the landscape, with the exception of an imitation Papal Renaissance structure erected among his vines by one misguided *vigneron* (certainly a dyspeptic), who had been unabashed by the presence in the near distance of the real thing—the beetling tower that gives the town its name.

In Paris, restaurants were dutifully obeying war regulations—no more than four varieties of *hors d'oeuvres* at a single meal, for instance. The Mère Germaine, however, refused to allow a war to lower her standards. I counted the *hors d'oeuvres* before eating them. There were sixteen

WAVERLEY ROOT'S many contributions to the *MERCURY* include "Women Have Nothing to Kick About," which appeared last month. He is a veteran author and foreign correspondent.

varieties, not counting the jars of pickled onions and pickled cherries (the latter a specialty of the region). I had something of a reputation, even in Paris, as a trencherman, but I could quite easily have called it a day after the *hors d'oeuvres*. The Mère Germaine didn't see it that way, and I am dogged about pursuing a meal to its end, so we continued. There was a perfect *omelette fines herbes*, flowing richly over the plate (*baveuse*, as the French inelegantly put it). Then sole. Then, apparently because the hostess felt the *hors d'oeuvres* had been skimpy, three tremendous bowls of *pâté* appeared — hare, duck, and the hold-all variety known as *pâté de campagne*. I gulped, and sampled all three.

It was a meatless day, and the Mère Germaine bowed to the law to the extent of serving chicken with cream sauce as the main dish. It was surrounded by an assortment of fresh vegetables and followed by a tremendous platter of asparagus. Then, of course, salad, perfumed with a swipe of garlic around the inside of the bowl. After a collection of cheeses (the best were made locally) came the desserts — chocolate *mousse*, *petits fours*, and fruit.

Long before, at the beginning of the meal, I had made the discovery that white *Château-Neuf-du-Pape* existed. It was a lovely honest wine, but it paled by comparison with the bottle which followed it — red *Château-Neuf-du-Pape*, *Clos St. Jean*, 1929. As I sipped the generous glass

of *grande fine champagne* which, with strong black coffee, ended the meal, and looked out over the terraced vineyards stretching for miles from the sunny garden in which our table was set up to the far-off bulk of the Palace of the Popes on its rock in Avignon, its outline quivering in the heat haze, I found it impossible to believe in war. Paris and its blackouts had dissolved like a nightmare in the light of day.

When I could move again without creaking, I drove slowly and tranquilly towards Avignon, puffing on a Corona as happily as if I had lighted it at the right end. Avignon, I noted, hadn't changed. It looked just as it always had. The war was obviously an hallucination.

It was at this moment that a newsboy thrust a paper into the car. Its two-inch headline read: "Germany Has Invaded Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg."

I don't know exactly what the proper immediate reaction to that news should have been, but I know what flashed through the mind of the pampered hedonist who is myself. It was, "I don't suppose I'll ever get another meal like that again." No doubt this proves that people like myself are degenerate. I have no particular objection to being degenerate in this sense. I find it very pleasant. Give me a degenerate who likes his food any day in preference to a superman who considers it his duty to redeem the sluggish by dropping bombs on them.

II

There was a vein of toughness in French degenerates. They insisted on continuing to eat well right up to the conclusion of the armistice. Variety and volume of food decreased, but it always reached the table in the pink of condition. There were a few occasions when I didn't succeed in getting any food at all, but when I did get it, it was invariably good. On the way out, in impoverished Spain, where food had been reduced to the status of fodder, and not much of that, I had the good luck to stop at the Hotel Torrentegui in Bilboa, probably the only place in the entire region where it was still possible to eat well. In Lisbon food was plentiful and tempting (there was an audacious experiment with mussels and roast beef that I wouldn't mind repeating), so it wasn't until I got aboard the *Manhattan* that I realized fate had caught up with me.

I suppose the food on the *Manhattan* was pretty good in its own way. It just happens that its own way lacked imagination. A great deal of the raw material must have been very good indeed before the cooks got hold of it, or it wouldn't have remained edible at all under the treatment it received. Vegetables (when unabused) were fairly safe, except for the peas. They were three to four times the size of the French variety, and each pea had been meticulously coated with a brilliant green metallic paint. They didn't taste of paint, though.

They didn't have any taste at all.

I recovered slightly when I reached New York, for I found food there rather better than I had remembered it — but not good enough to banish nostalgia for the tables of France, whose like, I am afraid, will never be seen again, either in France itself or anywhere else. If I were a poet with a taste for cataloguing, what a litany I could sing of the great dishes and the great restaurants I encountered in thirteen years in France! In that Iliad, nobody would skip the Catalogue of the Sips.

I dream at night of the *coq en pâte* of the Restaurant Calvi on the Boulevard St. Germain in Paris, which I washed down ordinarily with a bottle of their *Chateau Kerwan* (the only Bordeaux which never knows its year). I can never forget either the *rouget* served me in February 1940, at La Taverne, on the unprepossessing main street of Toulon — two flaky-crisp pink fish, fresh from the Mediterranean, sizzling in butter, cooked with a delicacy which seemed somehow out of place in the great sombre smoke-filled room, two-thirds occupied by earnest *belotte* and *manille* players. Then there was the tender roast snipe, its head turned over its shoulder and its long beak thrust under its wing, which appeared, doused in wine sauce, on a great silver platter in the Pergola on the Avenue du Maine, behind the Gare Montparnasse. How many times, in the Petit Riche on the Rue Le Peletier, have I ordered sweetbreads cooked

in a cream sauce rich with mushrooms and *grande fine champagne*, accompanied invariably by a magnum of *Bourgeuil* 1920, and followed by a glass of golden *vieux marc* from the Hospices de Beaune — a distillation from the second pressing of the grape which leaves an aftertaste in the back of the throat like an elusive memory, a Thanksgiving-like perfume of raisins and nuts! When again will I sample trout with fennel at the Basque restaurant at the corner of the Rue Pigalle and the Rue La Bruyère, trout with sage at the Côtelette on the Rue Rochefoucauld only a few steps away, trout *au bleu* (the way connoisseurs prefer it) at Lapérouse, trout *meunière* at the little restaurant with the eccentric proprietor across the street from the Hotel Drouot — is it Zwicker's?

And the bottles that went with those thirteen years of superb eating! Somehow I remember best not the great wines, the globe trotters which are to be found everywhere (exception made for my first taste of *Chateau d'Yquem* on the *Majestic* in 1928), but the unexpected discoveries, the rare bottles of local wines which, drunk in their places of origin, proved of surpassing goodness. Such wines are like the works of minor poets. One recognizes at once that they are not great, but they are often more lovable than the mighty. A regular Robert Herrick of a wine was the white dry *Condrieux* with a slight flinty taste which I drank at the Restaurant de la Pyramide in the

old Gallo-Roman town of Vienne (the meal was served during an air raid). I had never heard of *Vieux Limoux* before I became acquainted with its musty flavor, recalling that favorite cinema character, the crabbed old man with the heart of gold, during a visit to Carcassonne. The list of memorable small wines I discovered in different corners of France is endless. I remember particularly the red and white *Bellet* of Nice, both served iced, and both the best possible summer accompaniments to a late dinner on the open porch of any of the restaurants on the Quai des Etats-Unis, with the blue Mediterranean (preferably under a full moon) shimmering through the palms across the street. (The converse to drinking a red wine iced is provided in the Rhône valley, where farmers set a bottle or two of white *Côtes du Rhône* in the sun to warm it up before lunch. Further along the coast, towards Toulon, one finds *Camp Romain* and its very drinkable relatives. St. Jean de Luz offers *Irruguy*, and a half dozen other wines midway between light *Bordeaux* and the excellent wines of the Spanish Basque country. At Tours, try *St. Nicolas de Bourgeuil*.

III

It is in traveling, in tasting local wines unknown in the world capitals, that one acquires the familiarity with the effects of soil and climate on the flavor of a wine which permits placing it by taste. I was tempted to begin

considering myself a wine connoisseur the day a friend of mine served me a red wine totally different from anything in my experience, and, when I asked its name, countered by defying me to place it. With great trepidation, I hazarded, "Foothills of the Pyrenees," a region which at that time I had never visited, chiefly on the evidence of the very slight taste of rock in the wine, not marked enough for a true mountain growth, and different from the savor of the wines of Savoy or the Massif Central. It turned out to be *Corbières*, from the coast of the eastern Pyrenees. I was saved from excessive conceit over this exploit by reading a few days later of the annual contest of French wine-waiters, in which each contestant sampled sixteen unlabeled bottles of wine, and was invited to name, not only the wine and its year, but the particular plot of ground within its region where it was grown. It turned out (and none of the *sommeillers* missed on this) that all sixteen bottles came from the same tiny village, so that the test boiled down to identifying the particular plot from which each wine came. The winner of the contest named all sixteen correctly; two others got fifteen right.

Dijon is a great city for gourmets. It is odd that I never happened to visit its most famous restaurant, the Faison d'Or. Nor was I able to test the other of the two most famous provincial restaurants of France, the Chapon Fin of Bordeaux, a city which I saw for the first time when I arrived

there with the French government a few laps ahead of the German army. With the city choked with four times its normal population, only ministers and their mistresses could get tables; and I didn't happen to be either. But in spite of the abnormal conditions — the crowds fighting for admittance to restaurants, the scarcity of food — Bordeaux still maintained its high standards, and whatever one got was always good. I can't say as much for Lyons, which is noted as a gastronomic center, but where I never succeeded in getting a decent meal. Lyons always reminded me of Philadelphia. I once spent two weeks in Philadelphia during Prohibition without being able to discover where Philadelphians got a drink.

In Paris also I somehow never seemed to get around to the best-known restaurants. Partly, I suppose, the principle was the same as that which keeps New Yorkers from visiting the Statue of Liberty until out-of-town visitors arrive, clamoring for guides. Then also I have an instinctive distrust of restaurants whose reputations are too widespread. Often they have been fairly won, but once a restaurant becomes famous and begins to be overrun by the crowd which comes because everyone else does, it tends to coast along on fame and forget about cooking. First on my list of abhorrences is restaurants with music. In France I found that a house which distracts its clients' attention from the food has a good reason for doing so.

For my money, the best restaurant in Paris, and consequently in the world, remained Lapérouse. Many Paris restaurants were more expensive, yet its few small rooms were almost never full. Perhaps the delicacy of its food (my mouth waters as I recall the *filet de sole Vert Gallant*, the *pilaf de homard*, the raspberry *soufflé*) was too subtle for most diners; perhaps the intimate rooms didn't suit those who wanted to be looked at, and to look at others, while eating — a curious desire.

IV

I discovered a great many remarkable provincial restaurants in the last few months of my stay in France, chiefly because the war relieved me of considerable desk work in Paris and obliged me to travel more than I had been able to do for some years. It was after the war began that I discovered the Relai Gastronomique in the little town of St. Pierre-le-Moutier (in France, the smaller the place, the longer the name) between Nevers and Moulins. The meal there began with warm *hors d'oeuvres* (an anchovy baked into a flaky biscuit, a round puffball full of melted cheese, for example), progressed through fish (a rich dish of lobster in piping hot sauce was a specialty), roast, salad, cheese (the best were sweet goat cheeses made in the neighborhood, in appearance something like New England fishcakes), and ended with a remarkable tart, whose crust held various kinds of fruit sunk deep

into a sort of custard, the whole brought flaming to the table in its brandy sauce. With this went as much excellent white and red wine of the region as you cared to drink, coffee, and fruit if you had room for it. The price was 30 francs — at that time about 75 cents.

It was always great fun in the provinces to stumble upon little out-of-the-way places which seemed gastronomically hopeless, only to be pleasantly proved utterly wrong. Coming back from the Riviera by way of the Auvergne Mountains in February 1940, I turned the wrong way at the point where I should have crossed the Rhône, and found myself at lunchtime in a little town named Bolène. There was only one restaurant, with an interior which only lacked the smell to be a barn, dark and dingy. At first sight my heart sank. Then I saw a group of army officers and their wives lunching in a corner, and I felt better. The patronage of the local garrison is as good a sign in the provinces as that of taxi drivers in Paris.

The proprietor was doubtful at first as to the ability of the place to provide two extra meals without notice, but finally promised to do his best if we would be content with pot luck. Pot luck turned out to be a tasty selection of *hors d'oeuvres*, thick vegetable soup, an omelette, lamb chops with vegetables, salad, local cheeses, several desserts, fruit, and coffee, along with a bottle of an unassuming readily drinkable red

wine grown in the town limits. The price was sixteen francs per person — about 40 cents.

A similar surprise in Paris I owed to Elliot Paul, who acted as gourmet-in-chief for the Paris Edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, of which I was news editor at the time. Paul led us one evening to a workman's restaurant on the Cours de Vincennes, in a section of the town which few of us ever got to. The tables were marble-topped, there was sawdust on the floor, and the most important part of the establishment was evidently the bar, which Paul immediately occupied, taking over the task of serving drinks to the regular customers in order to free the staff for the kitchen. Here too we received apologies for an empty larder (we had arrived late and unannounced), but the chef said that if we were willing to accept what little he had on hand, he would try to feed us. The menu: *hors d'oeuvres*, soup, fish, breaded lamb cutlets, several vegetables, cheese, desserts, fruit, coffee, white and red wine — all of first class quality, cooked by a master. The bill: ten francs apiece.

Once upon a time, in the days that have gone forever, the determined seeker could find good food almost anywhere in Europe. Outside of France it was easiest, I think, in Denmark, hardest in England, Russia and Germany.

Perhaps it is no accident that the last champions to fight it out in Europe, before the United States

came in, were the three who had not succumbed to the sybaritic pleasures of the table. The Russians used to eat well — but food had been scarce there. Neither Germans nor Englishmen have ever known how to eat.

English cooking is subordinated to one universal and simple principle: whatever is to be eaten is boiled thoroughly until all the flavor has passed from the food into the water; the water is then thrown away. Of German cooking I can say nothing, for try as I will, I can recollect no meal in Germany (a very bad sign) except the banquet offered to a dozen journalists, including myself, by the Senate of Danzig about sixteen years ago; and of that I recall, not the food, but the wine (*Ahren Palmenberger* — 1928, I think) which accompanied it. The only other item concerning German ideas of nourishment which sticks in my mind is a eulogy I once read in a book written by an English traveler of a famous drink which was the specialty of some Berlin restaurant (it may have been the Haus Vaterland, where they had an animated panorama of the Rhine in the main dining room to take your mind off the food). The main ingredients of the compound have escaped me, but the impression of horror remains. I remember only that champagne was but one of the liquids that went into it, and that the crowning touch was the dunking of a whole peach in the finished product. Only a German could imagine such a concoction and only an Englishman could praise it.

MAKING AUTOMOBILES SAFER

BY THOMAS C. DESMOND

ON A busy highway just outside a small midwestern city, scores of motorists were passing a deserted car along the side of the road without giving it a second glance. The car was intact; there was nothing about it to suggest the tragedy which had struck its occupants. Yet if those motorists had been at the same spot ten minutes earlier they would have heard the dismal wail of an ambulance. They would have seen a white-clad figure holding a stethoscope over the heart of a human form, listening anxiously for the heartbeat which would mean to him that there was still hope.

Dana Axton and his wife had started out after Sunday dinner to enjoy a ride in their new convertible. They had not gone far along the tree-lined road when an approaching vehicle suddenly pulled out of line and came dangerously close to them. Axton, who was doing a modest 35 miles, jammed on his brakes to avoid a collision. His foot tangled among the floor pedals, and he plunged forward, breaking a rib against the steering wheel. Mrs. Axton was even less fortunate. Sitting in the "guest

passenger" or "death" seat (as it is coming to be called) next to the driver, without even a steering post to cushion the blow, she hurtled head downward against the steel and assorted knobs of the dashboard.

If the wheel had been built to "give" slightly when Axton was pitched against it, he might have needed only treatment for shock instead of surgery and four days' hospitalization. A crash pad on the dashboard might have let Mrs. Axton off with a simple headache, which an aspirin might have cleared up in fifteen minutes. Instead, she suffered a fractured skull which kept her on the hospital's critical list for several days, hovering between life and death. Women, the usual occupants of the "death" seat, have a major stake in making crash pads standard equipment.

Every year in this country more than 30,000 persons are killed in automobile accidents. Well over a million others are maimed. So many of us have either been in accidents or experienced near-misses that we have grown callous to the grim statistics

THOMAS C. DESMOND, who has been a member of the New York State Senate for nineteen years, contributed "The Billboard Lobby" to the September 1947 MERCURY.

and accident stories which appear in our newspaper every day.

Although next to a home an automobile represents the largest property investment in an average budget, we lamely accept the present motor vehicle as though it could not be made a good deal better than it is. Each year the manufacturers in Detroit stress new safety improvements. But in some respects the cars on the road today are a good deal more dangerous than the horseless carriage of almost a half-century ago. The fact is that in ten minutes of reflection an average mechanic could think of more practical safety changes than have been made by the manufacturers in ten years.

For example: Despite the development of the sodium vapor light and other aids to highway visibility, a motorist must still depend on the headlights of his own car for visibility on the road at night. Lighting up the road for any one car need never be a problem; the manufacturers have given us plenty of candlepower up front, and there is nothing to prevent anyone who is still unsatisfied from studding his car with auxiliary lights until it resembles the marquee of a downtown theatre. But a problem that has not been tackled is the predicament of the motorist approaching one of these glittering spectacles. Every piece of glass and chromium struck by headlights reflects in his eyes; for a brief moment the glare may be so terrific it will blind him completely. He can avoid this diffi-

culty by wearing polarized glasses. But there is no good reason for the manufacturers not to build polarized windshields and headlight lenses into all cars themselves. If this were done, drivers would not only have less to worry about from other cars, but they would also have fewer difficulties from their own light beams, which are now reflected back at them in snowstorms and fog.

II

Whether a driver is so short-waisted that his eye level is below the windshield, or so tall that his head brushes the upholstery above him, there is no way that he can adjust the driver's seat up or down. He can push himself backward or forward, but aside from that he can adjust his eye level only with the help of a thick pillow or an ability to pull in his neck like a turtle. Even if he is of about average height, there are only a few inches of air space and a thin piece of cloth between his head and a hard, solid roof. When his car is jolted he can only go up or forward. If he goes far enough either way, he is going to be hurt. And yet the few square feet of padding that would obviate this difficulty have never been provided.

Back in 1900, drivers equipped with mica goggles could at least see what was in front of their snorting carriages. But the modern operator, seated deep in foam rubber cushions, looking over a majestic, elongated hood, has an angle of visibility of about five degrees. He is seated in a

blind spot. His rear windows are often nothing but slits. To his left, there is a corner support which might block out his view completely at a critical moment. To his right, there is another corner post which also interferes with his side vision. We have increased the speed and capacity of the motor car four times, and we have reduced the useful vision of the driver by 90 per cent.

Automotive designers have had little success in working out this problem. The interiors of some cars are almost entirely exposed through glass, so that the summer sun beats down on the occupants with the intensity of a blast furnace. The glass-encircled car, with top supporting posts moved back out of the way of the driver, has some obvious benefits from the standpoint of vision. But there are still definite disadvantages to these cars which can, and should, be overcome. The sun, highway lights, and headlights from other cars, increase the glare enormously. Their spacious windows, like all modern automobile windows, are no longer vertical, as they were in older models. Instead they provide an almost flat surface on which rain can pound and snow and ice accumulate. Polarized windows, with defrosters and wipers in the back of the car as well as the front, seem highly desirable. Wipers should be designed to clear an area larger than a restaurant cut of pie.

Not only has the motorist often been robbed of proper visibility

in front and on the sides, but hand signals have been made almost impossible for him. Mechanical signals, which will be a necessity until the window frame at the driver's left is lowered, still remain among the costly "extras" instead of standard safety equipment.

The driver is crowded up near the front of his car, where the engine is. This concentration of weight at the front causes an unstable equilibrium when the vehicle is in motion. (To see how this works, you can make a little test the next time you are in a canoe or rowboat. Sit up near the front, or weight the front down, and then try to paddle or row.) This imbalance means that when the brakes are applied, the front will often "dip" or "kneel," with the rear wheels losing traction and the car tending to skid.

Engines in the front of the car also mean that carbon monoxide and other poisonous seepages can be inhaled by drivers and passengers. No car is air-tight, even with all its windows closed (and it shouldn't be). A hundred small openings can admit fumes — through the floor, through ventilators, through loose windows — and when the car goes forward, these fumes are thrown back directly at the driver. The slightest concentration of carbon monoxide in the air can produce headaches, slow reactions, and weariness. These symptoms are often responsible for the inefficient driving which leads to a good percentage of accidents.

III

If drivers put the safety of their skins above personal egotism and little "conveniences," they would stay away from canvas-topped cars, and insist on metal tops with tough framing for roll-over strength. They would insist on cars with only one large door on each side, regardless of the car model, to provide greater body strength and to keep door handles out of the reach of children. They would choose lighter cars with lighter metal, because less weight reduces the impact in collision, and because a high "crumple rate" will act to your advantage as a shock absorber (unless you try to take down a brick wall at 100 miles an hour).

On the outside of most new cars, the running boards have probably been eliminated, so that older people now have to be lifted in and out. The "old-fashioned" motorist, not yet accustomed to the changeover, often finds himself forgetfully trying to put his weight on a step which is no longer there, and paying with a crushed face for his backwardness. In removing running boards, which were a perfectly safe convenience, the manufacturers did nothing about the silver birds with outstretched wings, and the shiny torpedoes, symbolic of the atomic age and appearing equally menacing, poised on top of radiators ready to gore accident victims. Door handles, which could have been recessed, still stick out like the horns on a bull.

Even the driver who abides by all the rules in the world cannot always escape the "impact" type of accident which befell the Axtons. Studies show that the safest position in a car is that of the driver behind the wheel, and the most dangerous is that in the front seat beside the driver. These facts are particularly significant because the women who frequently occupy this "death" seat often have children sitting on their laps, or standing between them and the dashboard. In cases of sudden stops, injuries are common, and mothers or their children, or both, are frequently hurt and occasionally killed because of their unprotected position.

Dr. Claire L. Straith, the chief plastic surgeon at the Harper Hospital in Detroit, kept a record of the battered, splintered patients referred to him after automobile accidents. Of 50 consecutive patients, 25 were young girls and women who had been riding beside the driver in the front seat. Only eight of the victims were drivers, and only another eight were back-seat passengers. At the request of Dr. Straith, the Detroit Police Department collected statistics over a period of one month on all passenger-car accidents involving personal injuries. The police tabulation disclosed that in 219 accidents involving multiple occupants, 260 passengers, but no drivers, were injured. There were only thirteen accidents in which drivers were injured but passengers were not. Dr. Straith believes that with better roads and greater speeds,

guest-passenger injuries will become more numerous and severe, and deaths from them will be more common. He concludes that "these figures emphasize the great danger to passengers in the 'death' seat and the need for better interior design in automobiles to reduce this hazard."

There is an ominous trend toward the widening of cars, toward making more room for unprotected passengers in the front, and making the comparatively safer back seats less popular.

IV

Car seats have been tilted back at lounging angles, and steering columns have been set almost horizontal. When you are driving, the bottom of the steering wheel is only inches away from your stomach, and the top, at eye level, obstructs your vision. As more passengers crowd into the front seat, you are moved further to the left; you come to view the center of your traffic lane from a sharp angle. A more vertical steering column, with a separate driver's seat directly behind it, would make for better driving posture, improve the driver's view of the road ahead, and give him easier access to the hand brake and other safety devices he might need in moments of emergency.

The present-day automobile is a far-different vehicle from its ancestor with pale acetylene lights, a rasping klaxon horn, and flapping shades. Thirty years ago, who ever dreamed of the "turret" top, balloon tires,

sealed-beam lights, front and rear bumpers, safety glass, four-wheel brakes, steering-wheel shift, and wind-shield wipers and defrosters? Car manufacturers are now in a position to concentrate, at little extra cost, on some finer points of construction which may not make their cars look much different, but which will make them a good deal safer to ride in and operate.

The gadgets and "extras" you are often forced to take with your new car, whether you want them or not, have become one of the rackets of the postwar automotive industry. Most of these gadgets contribute only to the total cost of the car; they add nothing in the way of safety. Your car may have a clock which does not run, but which is covered with fragile glass; a radio with jutting push-buttons and tuning knobs, which only distracts your attention as it blares out the week's top mystery thriller; and a protruding cigarette lighter, or a metal case which ejects a lighted cigarette at the touch of your finger.

Horn rims should be placed on the under side of the steering wheel to minimize injuries to the face in cases of sudden impact. Many knobs can be eliminated, and door handles, the choke, the throttle, and the light switches can be recessed. The lower edge of the dashboard can be raised and padded to lessen knee injuries. Robe rails can be removed, and the back of the front seat can be padded to provide greater protection for

back-seat passengers who are thrown forward. Safety belts can be installed for all passengers. The interior of the car top can be padded. This last improvement might save some of the 25,000 people who are severely injured or killed each year by being thrown against the top of the car.

Such investments in safety would seem to be only common sense, and a hundred automotive engineers have doubtless thought of them before. Yet nothing has been done. The plain fact seems to be that the car owner, who often invests a large part of his life savings in a motor vehicle, either does not care about, or actually resists, safety improvements.

Automobile manufacturing is one of the major industries of this country. The manufacturers are as sensitive to their customers' preferences as a thermometer is to the temperature. Insist on a car with a canvas top and a dozen bone-crushing projections and the manufacturer will feature the canvas tops and the projections. Let Detroit know that you prefer

dash pads to dash knobs, and good visibility to a long hood you can't see over, and you will soon have your crash pads and better vision.

A car manufacturer once designed a crash-padded dashboard, but it never went into production; it was feared that the padding might frighten off customers by emphasizing the danger in driving. Such cautious salesmanship grossly underestimates the intelligence of the buying public. After all, dead motorists can't be hidden under bushel baskets, and anyone who can read statistics knows that the equivalent of the populations of Cleveland and Denver combined are battered in motor-vehicle accidents every year.

This fear of the buyer's power points up a lesson for the motorist: recognize the car for what it is — a great convenience which we would not want to be without, but also a dangerous killer which can be made much safer. Then let the manufacturer know that you want to live by insisting upon new safety features until you get them.



THE BRIDEGROOM CAME TH NOT

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THOUGH he was born in the Massachusetts village of Pittsfield, and reared in Low Hampton, N. Y., the genius of William Miller as prophet required the wild, free air of the Green Mountains for nourishment. He made his first important convert in Poultney, Vermont, and a Vermont periodical was the first to publish his warnings of the second coming of Christ. These warnings appeared in 1832. During the next twelve years Miller, with wonderful help from a devoted apostle named Himes, convinced thousands of gullible Americans that the Day of Judgment was at hand. When the warnings proved false, nearly all of Miller's following fell away, either into the swamps of infidelity, or back to their former sects. But a few staunch souls remained steadfast and banded together to form what is today the Seventh-Day Adventist church.

The future prophet was born in 1782 into the characteristic poverty which appears to have afflicted almost all prophets since time out of mind. The Miller household was a deeply religious one, and the youngster was from earliest childhood exposed to the exhortations of his maternal grandfather, a frontier-style Baptist preacher. At the age of twenty-one

William married a Vermont girl and went to live in her home town, which was Poultney, a village in the Ethan Allen region that was still somewhat steeped in Deism.

Young Miller quickly fell away from his early teaching to become an avowed skeptic. He drank, he gambled, he made sport of religion. He served in the militia, was promoted and went to war in 1812, coming out a captain in the United States regulars. He moved his family the few miles across the York state line to Hampton and set up as a farmer. He was still a skeptic, an Infidel. Then, one day in May of 1816, he let go — old soldier that he was — a tremendous salvo of blasphemy. It was the last time he ever took the name of his Lord in vain. Something had brought him up short, had caused him to reflect on his past sinfulness. He forthwith got a copy of the Good Book, into which he had not looked in many years, and began a study of it, with especial reference, apparently, to the prophecies contained in *Daniel*. And now "a clear light dawned from the sacred pages." Christ Almighty was about to return to the earth.

For the next fourteen years Farmer Miller applied himself closely to the

Bible and discovered, to his own satisfaction, that the Second Coming was to occur in 1843. He was greatly agitated at the nearness of the event. A command kept ringing in his ears: "Go thou forth and tell the world of their danger." He did so. He went sixteen miles to the village of Dresden, N. Y., and there preached his first sermon, a solemn warning which so impressed his audience that he was persuaded to remain in Dresden and lecture for a solid week. This was in the summer of 1831, in the town where, two years later and seemingly by diabolical interposition, Robert G. Ingersoll, the scourge of all Christians, was born.

The fearful tidings of the Second Coming spread rapidly in the neighborhood. Miller, as modest as he was devoutly sincere, did not have the least idea of the tumult he was setting in motion. But the time was ripe. Men saw omens in the skies. There were signs in the very air. The old Puritan dogmas had been breaking down since the Revolution. The ancient authority of the Congregational clergy was undermined. Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, Unitarians, all sorts of abominations, were loose in the land. Out in Ohio a Vermont prophet named Joseph Smith had been holding converse with angels, and his heralds of Moroni were even now in the Green Mountains, seeking converts. John Humphrey Noyes, another Vermonter, was almost ready to announce his Association of Perfectionists. In Maine and

New Hampshire a wild man named Cochran, who called himself Jacob the Second, was preparing his followers for something or other by urging them to exchange wives. All of these were but halfway measures at best. Miller looked forward to a cosmic event.

From Dresden, Prophet Miller moved promptly into Vermont to preach at Poultney (where he converted Baptist Elder Fuller, a mighty man locally), and to lecture in the towns roundabout. He was no mere shouter, though he was eloquent enough; he had in him that divine spark which can conjure up visions in large numbers of people. Despite the Mormon missionaries, who were then laboring with their own rather startling revelations in Vermont, Miller was easily the great sensation. The Mormons had novelty, true enough, what with their strange characters — Nephi and Laman and Lehi, Zenos, Neum and Zenock — but William Miller called upon the familiar Daniel, a prophet who knew how to put the fear of God into men and women.

What is more, Miller did not take Daniel at his word. During much of fourteen years Miller had been "calculating," from Daniel's cryptic prophecies, the time of man and the end of the world. The end, said the prophet of the Advent, with all of the quiet certainty of doom, was going to be some time within twelve months after March 21, 1843. This generous leeway of 364 days was quite proper,

for the Good Book said: "No man knoweth the hour of His coming." The bracket of time was also to have the effect of an exciting continued story. Day after day the faithful could awake to glory, no matter what should happen, in their own state of grace and safety, and to wonder if before sundown they should not witness the total destruction of the unbelieving and damned. Many a religion has been founded on less.

In a series of articles, early in 1832, in the *Vermont Telegraph*, a Baptist weekly of considerable circulation in New England, Miller took occasion to outline what was ahead, warning of the imminence of the return of Christ and the destruction of the unwashed in a sea of smoke and flame. He continued to preach in rural Vermont and New Hampshire, and in upstate New York. By 1836 at least eight Baptist elders had accepted his views and were moving about in the back-country, citing Miller's "calculations," warning all of the Advent. Yet the crusade was nothing more than another village-and-crossroads affair until 1839, when Miller at last met a man equal to the task of spreading far and wide his fearful message: *Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him!*

This was the Rev. Joshua V. Himes, organizer and pastor of the Second Christian church in Boston, a born reformer of boundless energy and of an imagination equal to, or greater than, that of Miller himself. Himes had gone to Exeter, New Hampshire,

purposely to hear Miller expound the Advent. He invited the Old Farmer, as the prophet still called himself, to speak in the Chardon Street chapel, one of Boston's largest churches. It was Miller's first appearance in a big city and he was an immediate sensation. Himes excitedly told Miller: "The doors of every city in the Union shall be opened to you. Your warning must go to the ends of the earth."

II

Joshua Himes was exactly what Miller needed, a born publicist of front rank, fit to sit with Aaron of old and with Phineas Taylor Barnum of late, and a faster worker than either. He took firm hold of Farmer Miller, until then an obscure country preacher, and within a short time made him into a national sensation, a true son of the people, a humble rustic who had solved the mysteries of Holy Writ, and was uttering the most momentous warning since the days of Jonah.

Because the Last Days were so near, the Prophet would hardly have time enough to preach the Warning personally to all the people. So, Himes founded a periodical, the *Signs of the Times*, in Boston; and another, named with sheer genius, the *Midnight Cry*, in New York City. Both papers were ably edited. They were sold on the streets of all the big cities, and shipped in bundles to the villages. They also paved the way for a number of local papers, like the *Second Advent* of Cleveland, the *Western Midnight Cry* of Cincinnati, the *True Mid-*

night Cry of Haverhill, Massachusetts, the *Voice of Truth & Glad Tidings* of Rochester, New York, and the *Voice of Elijah* of Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada. The headquarters of these periodicals will indicate the breadth of the Millerite movement.

Although the tempo of Miller's own preaching was of the greatest urgency, it was not urgent enough for some of the editors of the Advent papers. They, or their readers, saw strange rings around the sun. Crosses appeared in the skies; so did an ominous comet which for days on end hung over the earth, "a huge sword threatening a guilty world."

Pamphlets, dodgers, posters, even books tumbled by the ton out of printing shops to inundate town and country alike. Himes and his aides designed a great prophetic chart in full color and had several hundred copies run off for display at Millerite meetings. It was the most frightening thing imaginable, fairly acrawl with monsters that put to shame the best Barnum's lithographers could fashion — eight-horned beasts straight from hell, ten-horned beasts, winged beasts, a dragon with seven hideous heads, a bewhiskered giant with a belly of brass. It was frightening when it appeared, more than a century ago, and it is frightening today. It carried the greatest authority, too, for interspersed with the horrible beasts and other nightmares were figures, numbers being subtracted one from the other, in the Prophet's calculations; and the correct and sinister answer to

the mathematical problem appeared in the lower left-hand corner. That answer was 1843, and beside it was an angel, indeed *the* angel, trumpet in hand. . . . Even the illiterate could see what was about to happen.

Then, there was what was referred to, and rightly enough in capitals, as the Great Tent, a monster affair with a capacity of 4000. No one in New Hampshire, where it was first raised, had ever seen its like. With the tent, too, was a crew of devoted roustabouts who appear to have been as handy with canvas as any ever to hit the road; and the finest advance agent and manager possible, who was Joshua Himes. The Great Tent was filled to overflowing at every meeting in Concord, New Hampshire, in August of 1843. It was taken down, packed, and set up again and ready two days later for the vast crowds that came to hear the Prophet at Albany. Throughout the summer and fall months the Great Tent continued to be filled at every meeting. It finished the open-air season at Newark, New Jersey, with phenomenal success.

Even the New York City papers were now paying attention. One of James Gordon Bennett's men of the *Herald* was in attendance at every meeting. Horace Greeley got out a two-page extra of the *Tribune* devoted wholly to Millerism, with the front page given over to a reproduction of the Prophetic Chart. In Chat-ham Square the Millerites of New York City rented a newly constructed theatre for an indefinite period. New

York City bookstores "found themselves selling more Bibles in a week's time than they had been accustomed to selling in months." In Boston the Prophet's followers — urged and managed by Himes — erected a huge Tabernacle, seating 3500 persons.

In the opening months of 1844 the announcements of Millerite meetings were always qualified, for the Advent was due on or before March 21. "If time continues," read the announcements, or "Providence permitting."

Time, of course, did continue, and Providence did permit; the Bridegroom Cameth Not. The twenty-first of March passed quietly enough, other than for the loud ridicule heaped upon the deluded. Miller himself stood up in the Boston tabernacle to admit he had "made an error in the chronology."

But this tremendous disappointment did not have any noticeable effect on the Millerites; the will to believe the incredible is beyond understanding. After one bitter, desolate moment, the crusade went into even higher gear; and Himes, or one of his lieutenants, after some tampering with Miller's patently incorrect chronology, came up with a new Last Day, October 22, 1844. This took some stout wrestling with Holy Writ, for Christ had allegedly declared that "no man knoweth the day nor the hour of His coming." But the Millerites managed with little difficulty to demonstrate how all of this was now changed and that the twenty-second

of October next should hear the Trumpet, loud and terrible.

With the reassurance that the Bridegroom would thus appear on a stated day, the Millerites went on to new glories and new imbecilities. Reported the *Advent Herald* of its readers:

Some, on going into their fields to cut their grass, found themselves entirely unable to proceed, and, conforming to their sense of duty, left their crops standing in the field, to show their faith by their works, and thus to condemn the world. . . .

The business had long since grown into a mass delusion far too big and strong for Miller and Himes to cope with. It had got wholly out of bounds, and it was presently out of the orthodox churches, too. Miller seems to have had no idea of founding a separate sect; he was a simple man with a message of no complications whatever — the end was nigh, that was all. But the Baptist and Methodist and Christian churches, which supplied the bulk of the Millerites, had become alarmed, then irritated, then bitter at what looked, to the more rational of their members, as a madness unequalled since the Middle Ages. They expelled those of their pastors and lay members who had become involved with Millerism. The Millerites welcomed this, and went on in their papers and sermons to cry: "Come out of her, My People!" And the people did come out of their churches by the hundreds and, as October approached, by the thousands.

At last came the twenty-second

day of the very last month of Time. All over the country from the Atlantic seaboard to western Ohio the Millerites gathered in their tabernacles, in their meeting places, in homes, in barns, in sheds. As the precious minutes passed, many sought to hurry the laggard Bridegroom by prayer. Midnight passed. There came no cry, only a desolating silence. . . .

Then, the chilling dawn, and with it the jeers and other ridicule of the unbelievers. The Millerites were still in an alien and hostile world. A large majority of them returned into the sects from which they had been enticed. Others wholly lost their faith in any and all creeds, and to the end of their lives remained gladly in the outer darkness of infidelity. A mere handful, of whom more presently, remained staunch — with some qualifications.

III

The Adventist excitement in the United States came to an end on that despairing October 22, 1844. Never again have any great number of Americans expected to see their Lord walk the earth on a given day. But the Millerite turmoil gave birth to a folklore that flourishes to this day and is cherished by all right-thinking Christians other than Adventists. Three generations in New England and the Midwest have been reared on stories of the idiotic doings of the Millerites — how they gathered and shouted, how they tailored ascension gowns of pure white muslin, how

they climbed hills and mountains, even barns and trees, in order to have a good view of the proceedings; how they gave away their money, their food, their homes, their farms; and how many of them went stark mad and had to be confined. These have long since congealed into a folklore as firmly believed as Henry W. Longfellow's verses about Paul Revere.

That most of these stories are the inventions of non-Millerites now appears established, due largely to the monumental work of Francis D. Nichol, a prominent member of the present Seventh-Day Adventist church. Mr. Nichol has marshaled his evidence against the stories in a fat and scholarly book, *The Midnight Cry* (1944). He admits that many Millerites did leave their crops unharvested. Others closed their stores. Others gave up their positions. But as to the other alleged acts of the deluded — the ascension gowns, the giving away of possessions, the confinement in madhouses — Mr. Nichol says they are not facts. In a careful, detailed and documented study, he manages to demolish the whole canon of Millerite folklore. His evidence is formidable, far too great even to be more than indicated here. It is convincing to at least one person who had long cherished the Millerite imbecilities.

But even with the folklore out of mind, the delusions brought about by Miller and his lies are shocking enough, when one considers that they occurred only a century ago and were

as prevalent in Boston and New York, and especially in Philadelphia, as they were in the most remote counties and backwoods hamlets. Miller's warning was just as effective in the sinks of sin and sophistication as it was among the bumpkins. Not before or since has there been a religious excitement in America to compare in intensity with that sparked by Miller and Himes.

A few scattered remnants of the Millerites got together late in 1844, right after the day of the false warning, in small Washington, New Hampshire, and there founded what is today the flourishing Seventh-Day Adventist church. They explained Miller's delusion: "While there had been no mistake in regard to the time, there had been an error in interpreting the character of the event." The new and revised canon, somewhat cloudy except to those gifted in metaphysics, has it that what Christ did on October 22, 1844, was to "enter the Sanctuary," instead of put foot on earth, for the purpose of cleansing it. The new dispensation also called for observance of the Sabbath on the seventh day of the week.

Miller died in 1849, still hearkening for the Trumpet. Nor was Himes cured. He continued to edit and publish an Adventist paper and attempted

to work up a Second Coming in 1854, but few paid him any heed. Later he joined the Episcopalians and took charge of their missions at Elk Point and Vermilion, in the wilds of the Dakotas, where he died at the ripe age of 90, still looking for the Advent in which he had never ceased to believe.

The Seventh-Day Adventists have had a slow but steady growth and today number more than half a million in the United States and foreign lands. Their literature informs us that the church operates 3304 schools, 61 publishing houses and branches, and 173 hospitals, sanatoria, clinics and dispensaries. Their appropriation for overseas missionary work is striking; in 1944 it amounted to an astounding \$5,616,166. They hold most tenaciously to the view that God's day of grace for sinners is limited, that the Second Coming is still "near, even at the doors." God, they hold, and not man can have a solution of the tragedy of an evil world. Among the world's abominations are liquor, tobacco, dancing and the theatre, which one and all are banned to Adventists. If Miller was wrong in his calculation of time and correct as to his interpretation of the event, then the Adventists will be ready when the Bridegroom cometh.



DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



MAY-TIME

IN MANY of the months of the year a man may set to philosophizing and come up with a Life-View that may be of almost any sort at all. Following a labyrinth of intellection, on some dreary morning of November drizzle, he may easily come to think of the world as under the iron grip of a dark predestination and determinism; or he may with equal ease persuade himself that there is no reality but spirit; or he may perfectly possibly convert himself to Mormonism, Mohammedanism or total skepticism. In about eleven months of the year, he may be blown about in the wildest and most random way by every passing wind of doctrine.

But not in May. In May, we are all of one philosophical mind. We are all optimists. We are inhabitants of the best of all possible worlds, and we want not merely to say it but to sing it. Oh, there are professional "thinkers," to be sure, who still go on drawing up their dreadful little demonstrations of the pointlessness

of life and the futility of things; but we listen to their complicated intellectualizings, and we simultaneously smell the scent of the rain-wet May grass drifting in through the window, and we emit an uproarious snort of laughter and rush outdoors and roll joyfully on the lawn. (Or if we don't, it is only our lingering inhibitions that stop us. We'd at least *like* to go rolling.)

In May, the world of nature is one great choral shout of renewal and renascence: life leafing, blooming, breeding, dancing, exulting in tumult under the sun. Ourselves forever a part of nature, we are caught up willy-nilly in this tremendous swelling of exuberation. Our fribbling little intellectualities are blown away by the soft May breeze, earth-smelling and sap-sweet. The little diagrams of doom, which we mapped so thoughtfully on that long evening in December, are reduced to ridiculousness by ten thousand birds singing in a great glory, and ten thousand wildflower stems flinging themselves in riot toward the sun. Determinism? Skep-

ticism? Pessimism? Words, words, words. There is *life* to be lived; and it is a bigger and better thing than all these little nonsenses. What is truth, asked Pilate? Why, *this* is truth: this splendor and strength and joy of things, this onward-going, this kill-deer-piping, this omnipresent *Gloria!* of happiness and thanks.

That is the way it is in May. There is a deep and central part of us which "knows" things as it were spontaneously, by natural immediacy, anteriorly to thought and even incapably of proof. There is a kind of blood-knowledge, bone-knowledge, and animal sureness. In eleven months of the year, we may so engross ourselves in logic-spinnings that we lose our capacity to hear this direct voice of nature in our ear, to feel this immediate texture of nature under our hand, to experience these living spontaneities. But in May the voice of nature becomes a shout; the touch and texture of life come in upon us inescapably; there is so strong a stirring in all the saps and juices of the creation that ours are stirred too, 'til we must notice and acknowledge. If there were no May in the year, we might all go mad: wandering farther and farther from the central simplicities of truth, in mazes of uncorrected speculation. But every year, dependably, May comes; and the sudden singing of a water-thrush, the sudden scent of a furrowed field, jerks us back to bone-knowledges and blood-affirmations that were our gift when we were seven years old.

There are two great difficulties that beset a writer about nature. In the first place, he is up against the enormousness of the splendor of the thing. Who is to run the majesty of mountains through a typewriter? Who is successfully to indicate in words even a fraction, even the tiniest fraction, of what the smell of fresh-broken hemlock boughs means to the human heart, or what the white hush of a snowfall means, or what leap is given to the spirit of us by a bluebird singing on an apple-spray in spring? What nature is, and what nature means, is in the most exact sense unspeakable. But a writer about nature is obviously (or he would follow some other profession) a man possessed and driven by urgency to try to say this unsayable: to try to utter the mountainness of mountains, the very earthiness of very earth, and to say how these things and ourselves are in relation. He can never quite succeed. In his straining to speak what he profoundly feels, his prose has a way of turning from lyrical to shrill. Where he would be plainly earnest, he finds himself sounding pretentious. Where he would be gravely reverent, the sentiment comes out a pious frenzy. The clear sweet evocation of the natural splendor of things, and the simply effective statement of the response of the spirit . . . these were beyond the power of grand old John Muir even as they have been beyond the power of this writer in trying to

say what he has wanted to say in the first half of this article. Old "John the Wild Man" used fairly to roll on the ground of his beloved Sierras and stick fir-cones in his hair, in the perpetual frustration of trying to cry a nature-hallelujah that would say rightly what he meant. Perhaps Ernest Thompson Seton, who had eighty-some years of devotedly writing about nature, put the matter as definitively as it may be put. To try to write about nature, said Thompson Seton — to try to write the things that are in the depths of all our hearts on a May morning, the things that stir in us when the wild geese fly honking over, the poignancies that touch and tug us and the knowings that come alive in us when we stand with hushed spirit in a hemlock wood — to try to do this sort of thing is to end up, every time, in a "craze of inexpression."

That is the first of the great difficulties that beset a writer about nature: the glory to be uttered, and the inadequacy of the instrument for uttering. But he is beset, too, by nature's *bigness*, its throngedness and multiplicity. Here it is May, and what shall he write about? A hundred images of beloved May-things come tumbling insistently into his mind. His pen screeches across the paper, or his typewriter-keys fly: . . . the sound of vireos singing now in the fresh green of the May woods . . . the May smell of the creek that winds through the pasture, the creek where now the newts are breeding . . . the

blooming of dog-tooth violets, staining the floor of the woods . . . the hazy spring greens and pinks and yellows of the overgrown fields and orchards of abandoned farms . . . the feel of the May-time sun against a man's flesh, a sunlight so inexpressibly filled with potency and promise that its delight is nearly an anguish. Somehow, somehow, *all* this must be crowded in; all this and a thousand other things. How speak at all, if not fully? Then suddenly the writer finds that he has scarcely started his eager cataloguing of the things that make May what it is, and behold he is nearly at the end of the space allotted for what is supposed to be his article.

III

Perhaps there is only one sensible way to try to say anything at all about outdoors in May-time. Back in our childhoods the magazines for young people used to feature pieces with titles like "What to See on a Farm," or "Things to Do on a Rainy Day," and the like. Perhaps all that a writer about nature can do about the month of May is select half a dozen of its teeming happenings and say: "These are things for us to experience together this month." A little childish? Very likely. There are much worse spirits than childishness in which to go forth into the green outdoors of May.

And so:

This is the month when arbutus and bloodroot are blossoming in the dark leaf-mould in the woods. It is the time

for burying our noses in them, and snuffing-up the smell of our parental earth, and being flooded with a quite unprovable assurance. This is the month when the phoebes are building, and the time for us to go poking under old bridges, to watch the birds at their building and to have our spirits strengthened and freshened by the smell of common brook-water. In May, now, the barn-swallows are coming back; it is the season for us to slog around a wet barnyard, exultant in the good smells of cattle and dung and straw, and to go clambering up into the dim and glorious place that is a hay-loft. May is the time for seeing warblers, as they come thronging the greening maples and elms: black and white warblers, black-throated green ones, chestnut-sided ones, redstarts. It is our opportunity to re-experience the start of enchanted surprise that is a part of the sunny sanity of childhood. What else in May? Well, the wrens are singing. They are singing, directly into our aboriginal ear,

an information that all the pessimists and all the pedants are mistaken, and that the life-adventure is a greater and gladder thing than mere learnedness might ever surmise. The catbirds and orioles and indigo buntings are here now in May, the garter-snakes are astir on sun-warmed ledges and old stone walls, the lilacs are in bloom. . . .

May is all these things to experience, these and a thousand more. It is the month when, for once in the year, we are persuaded to stop thinking and just know; to stop inspecting and analyzing life, and just reach forth our arms and open our hearts and our senses and embrace it; to stop standing apart, as one alone and paralyzed with prudence, and just plunge acceptingly into the great general May-shouting chorus of the whole creation. May-time is the time when a man need not feel ashamed if, in the passion of his attempt to express his response to the glory of the world, he makes something of a fool of himself.

PHRASE ORIGINS—48

SCOT-FREE: "To go scot-free" means to escape without paying a fine or without suffering any other form of punishment. The phrase has nothing to do with the aspersions frequently cast upon the Scottish character. The word scot is derived from the same root which gave us "shot," which once meant a payment. In fact, the phrase used to be written "shot-free." Falstaff punned upon this in I Henry IV, when he said, "Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate." The bill run up at a tavern, or payment for entertainment, was called "scot" or "shot." There was a form of tax called "Scot and Lot," in which scot clearly referred to a payment. The medieval tax known as Peter's pence was also called Rome-scot.

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

CLAIMS ON CONGRESS

BY TRIS COFFIN

A TIDY filing cabinet tucked away in a back corner on Capitol Hill is a Pandora's box of American folklore and history. It holds treasures of humor, adventure, tragedy and brooding mystery — all carefully verified in stiff legal language.

This cabinet is stuffed with the claims filed in Congress for injury to man and beast by the United States government. These claims are one of the oldest and most perplexing institutions in American public life. They have occupied the attention of every President from George Washington to Harry S. Truman. They have created Cabinet crises, bumped into foreign policy and stirred fiery debates in Congress.

In the first month of the Eighty-first Congress, 500 claim bills were filed in the House alone. The Seventy-ninth Congress considered 2500 claim bills and passed 991. The Eightieth Congress looked over 1500 and passed 400. When the President signed his name on the last bill of the Eightieth Congress, the Treasury had to pay claims amounting to \$2.5 million. This figure does not include the costs of investigations by government agen-

cies and the expenses of the House and Senate Claims Subcommittees.

Claims were born in the early days of the Republic. The United States, with the aid of France, had won her independence. But two years after George Washington's inauguration, America was being drawn into a new war brought on by the French Revolution. England, our enemy in the War of Independence, was trying to starve and humble France, our former ally, by naval blockade. President Washington issued his famous neutrality proclamation — the United States "will pursue a conduct friendly and impartial to the belligerent powers."

France was enraged. American merchants' ships loaded with goods desperately needed by France were seized. According to an old document of the House Claims Committee, "Our whole commerce was fluttered. Merchants hesitated to expose ships and cargoes to such cruel hazards. It was necessary that something should be done to enlist their activity. At this stage the National Government came forward voluntarily with assurance of protection and redress."

TRIS COFFIN has been a reporter, a Washington correspondent, and a radio commentator. He now conducts a daily column on political affairs for the New York Post and other papers.

Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson issued a letter on August 27, 1793:

I have it from the President to assure the merchants of the United States concerned in foreign commerce or navigation that due attention will be paid to any injuries they may suffer on the high seas or in foreign countries contrary to the law of nations and existing treaties, and that on their forwarding hither well authenticated evidence of the same proper proceedings will be adopted for their relief.

That same year, the House Claims Committee was created. The French spoliation claims occupied congressional attention from that day through the Seventy-eighth Congress.

A claim bill is a simple document, as for example:

An Act for the relief of William C. Reese. Be it enacted . . . that the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay William C. Reese, of Birmingham, Alabama, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of \$3500, in full satisfaction of his claim against the United States for personal injuries sustained from the kick of a mule on October 15 or 25, 1917, while the said William C. Reese was in the performance of his duty as an employee of the Goodrich Construction Company engaged in the construction of an Army camp as a subcontractor under the authority of the U. S., said injury having been sustained through the negligent or reckless act of a soldier of the U. S. Army in charge of such mule whilst in the performance of his duties as such soldier. . . .

This bill was finally passed in the Eightieth Congress after a series of investigations by the Army and hear-

ings before two Houses of Congress. Every claim against the government is investigated by the agency involved. This may mean running through old archives or trying to locate witnesses of an accident thirty years ago. All government reports on claims are cleared through the Bureau of the Budget, which indicates approval or disapproval before sending the file to the House Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on claims.

The final passage is actually routine. The claim bills are rattled off in a low monotone by the clerk of the House. If there is no objection, the claims are passed. There are, however, official objectors appointed as an extra precaution against unjust claims.

II

The expert on claims is a mild-mannered Southerner who parts his thinning hair in the middle. To Walter Lee, clerk of the House Subcommittee, each claim is a drama and a cause in itself. He pushes cases that appeal to him with the zeal of a crusader.

One of his favorites is Report 2302 of the Seventy-ninth Congress. It is the claim of Margaret Doolin Utinsky, a middle-aged American nurse. She was living in Manila when it was seized by the Japanese in World War II. Her husband died in the Cabanatuan prison camp. The official report signed by Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson tells the story:

Mrs. Utinsky believed that in view of her name she might through subterfuge succeed in obtaining recognition as a citizen

of Lithuania, knowing that the Lithuanian government did not have any consul in the Philippine Islands who could be contacted by the Japanese officials. She went to the Manila city hall and represented herself as having been born in Kovno, Lithuania. She was issued a residence tax certificate which described her as a Lithuanian (neutral) citizen. She then obtained a pass from the Japanese which permitted her to travel into the provinces of Bataan and Tarlac.

She went into the provinces and did nursing work with the Philippine Red Cross. Mrs. Utinsky made contact with American medical officers captured by the Japanese. She returned to Manila to obtain medical supplies which she smuggled back to American medical officers in Bataan and Tarlac.

During 1943 Mrs. Utinsky sold all her furniture and furnishings, including jewelry, and with the \$9820 she received bought medicine, food and supplies to smuggle behind the lines to American medics. The official report continues:

She built an organization which she headed, known as Miss U, and by various means managed to smuggle food and medicine by the railroad car lot and an average of 25,000 pesos per month in currency into the prison camps. The records of the War Department show that Mrs. Utinsky was imprisoned by the Japanese and confined for 32 days in Fort Santiago Prison. During this time she was beaten and otherwise maltreated. When she was released from prison Mrs. Utinsky went to the Doctors' Hospital in Manila for medical treatment and remained there six weeks. After she left the hospital Mrs. Utinsky continued to smuggle supplies to the American and guerrilla forces in the Philippines. On November 3, 1944, by Special Order No. 4, the commanding

officer of the U. S. Forces commissioned Mrs. Utinsky a brevet second lieutenant in the guerrilla forces on the island of Luzon and assigned her to duty as the head nurse. . . . Mrs. Utinsky continued to perform outstanding service for the guerrilla force until the invasion of Luzon. . . .

The House passed H.R. 6213, a claim for exactly \$9820.

Another claim arising out of this war deals with a soldier's luck. The GI collected the amazing sum of \$4900 at cards and dice on New Guinea. The money was stolen by a supposed pal. Uncle Sam's liability was established after detailed reports and a one-thousand-word letter from the Postmaster-General to the Speaker of the House. This is why Uncle Sam had to pay the soldier his lost fortune: The Private wisely converted his winnings into postal money orders. They were cashed by the thief at Army Post Offices on forged endorsements and signatures. A Post Office regulation orders, "The paying employee must be certain that an endorsed money order bears the genuine signature of the person entitled to payment." But in this case, the signature had not been checked. So, after a conference with the Budget Bureau, the Post Office Department started the wheels within wheels moving to grant Private Hill his relief.

Thanks to the tidy mind of Clerk Walter Lee, the House has established rule-of-thumb fees for liability. It ranges from \$2000 for the death of a child up to \$7500 for the head of a

family. A mule's kick is worth \$6000. (At least that is what Burnett Pyle, an Arkansas farmer, collected. He was harnessing his mules when Army planes buzzed overhead. The mules bolted and gave farmer Pyle a lusty kick.) Congress awarded \$4940 to the owners of a silver fox farm near Moffett Field, Calif., because low flying Army planes made the foxes go berserk and eat their young.

In another case, Congress ruled that a bottle of Four Roses was not needed for the sprained ankle of an old lady in Denver. She was hurt in an accident involving a Federal government ambulance. Her claim neatly itemized her expenses including a doctor's fee, a bottle of Four Roses, four bottles of ginger ale and one bottle of sparkling water. The claim for \$3500 was passed, minus the charge for whisky.

The most embarrassing case on record is the sad story of the pretty schoolmarm. She was scalded during a visit to an Army camp. A careless plumber had connected a toilet fixture to a hot steam tank instead of a cold water pipe. This claim was introduced shortly after World War I, and the record of it has since been lost, but it has been passed down as a legend from congressman to congressman.

III

Many claims are well salted with politics. A few congressmen frankly regard them as a form of patronage for deserving constituents and law-

yers. At one time, claims were such a racket that a paragraph has been added to every bill introduced, reading: "No part of the amount appropriated in this Act in excess of 10 per centum thereof shall be paid or delivered to or received by any agent or attorney on account of services rendered in connection with this claim, and the same shall be unlawful, any contract to the contrary notwithstanding. . . ."

When the Eightieth Congress met in special session last summer to consider emergency legislation, the whole Mississippi congressional delegation formed a flying wedge to repair the injuries to the brother-in-law of a former governor. One Mississippi congressman commented ruefully that his whole staff was forced to devote several weeks to the Robert E. Graham case. He is related to ex-Governor Mike Conner.

Graham was hurt in an ordinary traffic accident. But as he was being taken to a doctor in a private car, an Army truck banged into it. The government was asked in the claim bill to fork over \$10,000. The Army, in a lengthy and indignant report, denied that this second crash was responsible for Graham's injuries. In the last days of the Eightieth Congress, the Graham bill — by then a *cause célèbre* — came before a tired and bored Judiciary Committee of the Senate. Senator Jim Eastland of Mississippi wasted no words. He drawled, "Hell, fellows. I've got to get this claim passed. It's for the brother-in-law of my

former Governor." The senators chuckled at this refreshing frankness and reported the bill after marking down the damage to \$3500. It was signed by President Truman.

Most of the claims filed in the last few years have to do with the high spirits of GIs and war accidents. A bunch of exuberant soldiers set fire to the grandstand and caretaker's house at a county fair. The bill was for \$5650. An Arkansas child picked up an unexploded shell at an Army camp, and it went off. His parents were awarded \$4000. A Naval officer firing a .22 pistol from a small boat killed a South Carolina boy. The \$4000 award was only \$447.50 more than the owner of a Maine estate received for damage to her swimming pool and stone terrace. They were cracked by ordnance experiments at a nearby Navy base. The Eightieth Congress finally got around to paying \$104,000 for two torpedo boats built for use in the Spanish-American War. This ended a long dispute between the Navy and the shipbuilder. The largest claim paid in the last Congress was an award of \$491,000 to the U. S. Radiator Corporation for loss in a contract with the government for magnesium castings.

Not all claims are quite so prosaic. One, in particular, has the flavor of international intrigue and oriental mystery. The setting is Rangoon, Burma, in May 1945. The Japanese had hurriedly withdrawn. Report No. 1639 of the Eightieth Congress sets the stage:

Murder, rape, pillage and petty jealousies were rampant among the locals. The stench of dead bodies made certain sections of the city almost unbearable for human occupants. Nakedness on the streets was not uncommon. No lights, water, heat, plumbing, fire department, police department or any civil official were functioning. A major percentage of the masonry construction buildings were cracked or knocked down. Bomb craters were filled with stagnant water and debris ranging from packing crates to human bodies. Organized bands roamed the city day and night. The wharf rats, rangy, gray with gaunt hunger-tucked bellies and bold with starvation viciousness roamed the streets in daylight in search of food.

Onto this stage came a young American captain, Carroll C. Garretson, a parachutist assigned to the secret OSS. He was sent to Rangoon ahead of the Allied assault. His mission was to give military information by short-wave radio, seize Burmese traitors, and blow open vaults to get secret files.

During this Burmese adventure, our hero met Col. Tun Hla Oung, who had volunteered to remain in Burma as director of British Military Intelligence during the war. Col. Oung's wife, an American girl, was in a Japanese civil internees prison camp on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. The colonel outlined a daring plot — a rescue of his wife and eighteen others. He needed arms. These were delivered to him by Captain Garretson.

A month later, the captain was arrested on a charge of misappropriat-

ing government property. What happened was — eight high-level British officials had made a protest. They were outraged because arms had been given to the nationalistic Burmese. The guns might be used to throw the British out of Burma, too.

Captain Garretson was returned to the United States as a prisoner in the ship's brig. But it was not until August 1946 that the slow wheels within wheels at the War Department caught up with this injustice. The captain was reinstated on an honorable duty status. He joined the Eightieth Airborne Division.

Walter Lee and Carlisle Ruddy, clerk of the Senate Judiciary Committee and a young Marine veteran, have taken this case to heart. They want Congress to give Captain Garretson his base pay and allowance, withheld from him during the period of his arrest. The amount is \$3916.10.

On several occasions Congress tried to throw off the bothersome business of claims. The Court of Claims was created as a fact-finding court on claims. It was, and still is, used by Congress to unravel claims so complicated that they baffle senators and representatives. These claims are referred to the Court either to obtain facts and report them back, or to render final judgment. But there have been so many howls of protest from citizens whose claims are not

unraveled fast enough that the Senate Judiciary Committee started an investigation of the Court.

Three years ago Congress passed a Claims Law which most members thought had rid them once and for all of constituents banging on their doors and demanding justice to the tune of several thousand dollars. On the face of it, this law said claims for damages occurring after January 1, 1945 would have to be settled in the Federal courts.

After the law was passed, a jolly representative sidled into Walter Lee's office, beamed and said, "We can't introduce any more private claims, I hope?"

The scholarly Mr. Lee informed him with some satisfaction that this was not the case. He had discovered enough legal loopholes to drive three quarters of the private claims through Congress. The break in the wall is a provision that government employees must be acting within the scope of their employment when the damage occurs, in order for the suit to be brought in Federal Court.

The soldiers who sneaked into the Louisiana watermelon patch and stole \$100 worth of melons were not doing so in performance of a duty. Neither were the Air Force lieutenants who buzzed the fox farm.

Claims, like taxes, have become an established institution that Congress cannot shake off.



UNCLE SAM'S SAYINGS

BY HORACE REYNOLDS

IN THE process of discovering ourselves, we are continually cutting the lines which bound us to Europe. We have learned to distinguish the American language from the English. We have set apart folk-songs of native American origin from those brought across the Atlantic by our seed-folks. We are also becoming aware of our own proverbs, of those easy sayings which reflect much of our thinking and feeling. We are beginning to realize that when we point out that Dick is *barking up the wrong tree*, or say that something is *as easy as falling off a log*, we are exploiting a native product.

The first settlers to come to this shore brought with them their proverbial lore, as they brought with them their language. These folk-sayings have undergone the same sort of change that the language has. New animals, birds and plants, new scenes and new ways of life fathered new proverbs and led to restatements of the old ones in American terms. Out of Indian warfare we got *The only good Indian is a dead Indian*. Out of American flora came *Don't plant corn*

till the dogwood is in bloom; out of American fauna, *Fast as a jackrabbit in front of a prairie fire*. The Western Waters gave us *Paddle your own canoe*; the early railroads, *Get off the track*; the modern gas buggy, *Step on the gas*. Modifications in the way of life changed the proverbial villain from the English miller, who *takes his toll with a right good will*, to the American politician, who *rides the gravy train high, wide and handsome*. Changes in dress and dialect turned the English *There is nobbut three generations atween clogs and clogs* into the American *Three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves*. Take the English rhyme proverb *There's no weather ill when the wind is still*. Pass that through the hurdy-gurdy of the American idiom, and out dances *Never mind the weather so the wind don't blow*.

A proverb is a saying, either of known or unknown authorship, imparting advice or popular wisdom in figurative terms, which is, or has been, in popular use. As such it is a sentence fixed in form. *Don't monkey with the buzz-saw* is a typical American proverb. It warns people in meta-

HORACE REYNOLDS is a student of American language and folklore who has contributed articles on both subjects to the *New York Times*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and a variety of magazines, including the *MERCURY*. He has also taught English at several Eastern universities.

phorical language not to meddle with dangerous things which don't concern them. A proverbial phrase, on the other hand, is fluid in form. It is a turn of phrase which may vary in subject, number and time. On one occasion it may be, *He goes off half-cocked*; on another, *They was always a-goin' off half-cocked*. The proverbial phrase has had a much richer development in America than the proverb. It has enjoyed two advantages over the proverb: (1) it is not didactic but descriptive; and (2) being fluid in form, it has shared in the rich development of American idiom. One form of the proverbial phrase, the folk simile, has had an especially happy development in the hands of the frontier humorists. *Deader'n hell in a preacher's back yard*; or *Stingy enough to skim his milk at both ends* — the American language has scores of such picturesque phrases in past and present-day use.

Even a perfunctory glance at most American proverbs will reveal some of the various forces which have operated to make them what they are today. Frontier conditions created such backwoods warnings as *Don't be an Injun-giver*. The American system of currency has given us *There's just a nickel's difference between them that work and them that don't, and them that don't work's got the nickel*. The power of alliteration to resist change has kept us saying *Penny wise and pound foolish*, but we have also minted from our own money *Not worth a continental* and *Wouldn't give*

a plugged nickel. Out of the Chinese laundry, fragrant with sweet steam and leeches nuts, came *No tickee no washee* or *No checkee no shirtee*, whichever way you have heard it.

Our immigrants brought over and translated for us the proverbs of the European languages. When Benjamin Franklin wrote *The used key is always bright*, he was probably repeating a translated German proverb. From a proverb which Yiddish shares with other languages, *Shrouds are made without pockets*, we may have got *You can't take it with you*, a saying typically American in its slickness, backhandedness and humor. The catch-phrase *I should worry* is a literal translation of a Yiddish phrase; its synonym *Ish gebibble* may well be a corruption of the Yiddish proverb *Iz nischt gefidelt*. Both Yiddish-English phrases well hit off the American devil-may-care, hell's bells attitude toward life. It's the slangy slant of the city streets, which the Jewish comedian, from his vantage point on the stage, screen and radio, has done much to push into American proverbial phrases. But this is youthful, Americanized Jewry speaking; the older generation doesn't go along with the gags. It has summed up its doleful opinion of American life in the Yiddish proverb *Woe to Columbus!*

11

Negro proverbs, on the other hand, speak the language of farm and levee. The Negro has taken kindly to the white man's proverbs, made himself

at home in them, stamped them with the tools of his work, brightened them with his humor and notably enriched their metaphor. Out of his years of mule-skipping, which have bred an affinity between him and the mule, have come such proverbs as *Dar's a fam'ly coolness 'twix' de mule an' de single-tree*, and *A mule kin tote so much goodness in his face dat he don't hab none lef' for his hind legs*. In other words, as the old song has it, *Don't bother round the hind-end of a mule*. The Negro sees life from the seamier side, and *The worm don't see nothing pretty in the robin's song* may well be one of his symbolical bird-and-animal fables. Also symbolic may be *The single-tree got to stand a heap of kicken'*. The single-tree is in a bad spot. The Negro has had plenty of chance to notice that. As a mule-skinner he has gazed at it until he has almost identified it with himself.

Although humor in African proverbs is as scarce as fiddlers in heaven, humor is perhaps the most salient contribution of the Negro to American proverbs. *The crawfish in a hurry sure look like he trying to git there yistiddy* has some of the amusement the Negro draws from his observation of animal life. The Negro's variation of the old smoke-fire saying, *You k'n hide de fire, but what you gwine do wid de smoke?* — in that you can hear the Negro voice and feel the whimsicality of the Negro mind. In other moods the Negro imagination shows that disdain for mere logic which also makes the Irish mind

witty. Such disdain detonates in such a Negro bull as Uncle Tom's *One nigger can sleep more in half an hour than two white men kin in de whole night*.

The Negro proverb in America has had two great advantages over the white. First, the Negro mind is closer to the proverb-making white mind of the Middle Ages than the modern white mind is. Hence, Negro proverbs have a mellowness not to be found in proverbs of white American coinage. Second, the Negro proverb has had the great advantage of being spoken in a dialect which knows no fear. The Maryland Negro's *Every like ain't the same* shows the courage which makes a great style.

American writers, of course, have made their contribution to the American proverb. Among the many proverbs Ben Franklin has donated to his country is one which well reflects our nomadic life: *Three moves are as bad as a fire*. Emerson, an aphorism-maker of genius, counseled, *Hitch your wagon to a star*. Lincoln's *Don't swap horses in the middle of a stream* is a proverb which has helped to win additional terms for at least two Presidents. Thoreau's famous *trout in the milk* remains a proverbial idea or notion which, like the *cunning of the Philadelphia lawyer*, has never quite jelled into proverb. When Horace Greeley wrote, *Go West, young man*, he made the proverb of our Great Migration. Kin Hubbard's play on the old Indian phrase, *Nobuddy ever fergits where he buried a hatchet*, is an aphorism

that for all the bark on its dialect probes deeply into the fundamental egoism and vanity of man.

The day is gone in America when a proverb was the last unanswerable word in an argument or dispute. Slangy, opportunistic, hell-bent-for-election America is no respecter of proverbs. It plays with them, extends them, contrasts them, turns them upside down, laughs at them, parodies and satirizes them. Many of our most amusing proverbs result from this kidding, wise-cracking play. *A woman is as old as she looks and a man is old when he stops looking* slyly inverts the earlier *A man is as old as he feels and a woman is as old as she looks*. When *Greek meets Greek they open a restaurant* demonstrates the folk as wit. To Young America the moral proverb, like the weather proverb, is a bore and a bugaboo. Give the old *early-to-bed* saw the raspberry, and out comes *Early to bed, early to rise, hustle like hell and advertise*. *Opportunity only knocks once, and then we're generally in the back part of the house* is a familiar bit of humorous extension. Humorous addition also puts new life into weary, old folk similes. *Poor as Job* stretches out for newness into *Poor as Job's turkey*; *Cold as charity* becomes more specific in *Cold as Presbyterian charity*; *Graceful as a cow* grows more grotesque in *Graceful as the bird they call the cow*. Mr. Dooley's *An American's home is his castle till th' morgedged falls due*, doubly extends the English original.

Americans not only lift the faces of

their proverbs: they also sing them. Some of our tarest native specimens are pickled in song. One of the oldest of these is *Ole Virginny neber tire*, a proverb which the New York writer Paulding mentions as early as 1816. It became the catchline of the refrain of a song which Daddy Rice introduced into minstrelsy. *Root hog or die* is another old American proverb which some unknown composer turned into a song. It is a phrase of democracy. It means that, big fish or little fish, you have to stir your stumps or starve. Dan Emmett used another proverbial expression for the heart and title of a popular song, *Jordan Is a Hard Road to Travel*. Six decades later the song of the Democratic Convention of 1912 made its catchline out of another proverb:

Ever' time I come to town
The boys keep kickin' my dawg aroun'.
Even iffen he is a houn'
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Such modern Tin Pan Alley songs as *Off with the Old Love, on with the New* and *A Good Man's Hard to Find*, show that the American habit of singing proverbs continues.

III

Our proverbs speak our mind. When the old Maine farmer turned down government subsidies with the remark, "Well, I've skun my own skunks for forty years and I'm too old to change now," he was speaking Yankee independence in truly American proverbial terms. The conceit of

our drugstore cowboys shows in *The bigger they come the harder they fall*; our love of fair play orders *Don't kick a fellow when he's down*, although we also hear the counterblasts, *Kick him again, he's down*; and *Hit him again, he's Irish*. Our optimism grins in *The harder you fall the higher you bounce*; our I'm-from-Missouri love of calling a bluff, in *Put up or shut up*. For all our talk about equality of opportunity we like to grumble about the way *Them as has gits*. Our acrid humor rhymes itself in:

It ain't the cough that carries you off;
It's the coffin, they carry you off in.

Our love of go-aheadness, of motion for its own sake, shouts in *If you can't push, pull; and if you can't pull, git out th' way!* Our sentimentality drips in *What is home without a mother?*, and *Every cloud has a silver lining*. We wonder naïvely at life's enigma in such sayings as *Life is just one damned thing after another, a funny proposition after all, or a bowl of cherries*.

Our proverbs also are beginning to speak our women's minds. It's not for nothing that Europe thinks of America as a paradise for women. *Men are like streetcars: there's always another* shows that what's sauce for the gander can become sauce for the goose. In such a proverb American women are beginning their revenge for such man-made proverbs as *A woman's "No" means "Yes"* and much other age-long patronage in proverb.

Beauty is rare in American prov-

erb. One surprises a flash of it occasionally in such Negro proverbs as *De howlin' dog know w'at he sees* and *It's hard to fit clothes on a miserbul man*; and the folk simile, *Cold as the north side of a January gravestone by moonlight*, has the puckery wintry beauty of New England in it. Beauty is more likely to speak from the open spaces than the pavements. When the levee people of Louisiana see a star falling down their long, low bayou sky, they say *God's a-throwin' away His cigarette*.

Perhaps our most distinctive contribution to proverbial expression is the wisecrack. These sneers at life, these verbal Bronx cheers are to our skeptical age what the proverb was to an age of belief. *Tell it to Sweeney; That ain't the way I heard it; Cheer up: the worst is yet to come; Let George do it; What he don't know won't hurt him; You ain't seen nothing yet; Don't take any wooden nickels; I'll try anything once; One's born every minute; Don't do anything I wouldn't do; The first hundred years are the hardest*—one feels that such phrases answer to our blood, climate and spirit as no proverb of European origin can. Some of these slang expressions have only a passing currency, but some tend to become proverbial.

The slogan, too, once the battle cry of a tribe, now a catch-phrase to advertise and sell something, is a characteristic American expression which feeds the proverb. *Make the world safe for democracy; Save the surface and you save all; Say it with*

flowers; Crime doesn't pay—one can feel all of these fudging over from the slogan designed to sell war, paint, flowers, and honesty into the metaphorical force of the proverb.

America came late to the Feast of Proverbs, but she has made her own contribution. Americans have modified and extended proverbs of British origin, translated and absorbed other proverbs brought here by emigrants who did not speak English, coined a slew of native proverbs. The American addiction to emphatic comparisons explodes in such expressions as

Hot enough to fry spit; the American boastfulness swells its stomach in *Stand up, cent, and let the dollar sit down*; the caustic humor of America grins in such slangy distortions as *You can't eat your cake and have it*; or *All work and no play makes jack*. The Negro, in particular, has made perhaps as distinctive an addition to native American proverb as he has to native American music. American proverbs provide another index to the American consciousness, furnish another yardstick with which to measure the American mind.

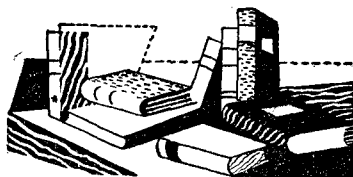
BEING IN NIGHT

BY MARY POOLE

She stood
hushed and afraid
of night in ambuscade
beyond old thin walls made
of wood

as though
if music played
the lamp with satin shade,
costumed for a harlequinade,
might go.

THE LIBRARY



DOS PASSOS AND HIS CRITICS

by *GRANVILLE HICKS*

JOHN DOS PASSOS has devoted his literary career to the examination and portrayal of life in the United States. The fact is worth recording, if only because there is no other contemporary novelist of any stature about whom such a statement could be made. From a sociological point of view, Dos Passos has chosen to be inclusive and central, whereas his contemporaries have been exclusive and often marginal. Faulkner has found his themes in a single Mississippi county, but Dos Passos has been satisfied with nothing less than the whole nation. Hemingway locates his novels in France and Italy and Spain, as if to proclaim that the specifically American has no particular interest for him. (He is, of course, as unmistakably and incurably American as Dos Passos, but that is another

matter.) Wolfe is rhapsodically subjective; Dos Passos is conscientiously objective. Farrell has endlessly worked over the little area of experience that circumstances granted him; Dos Passos has deliberately broadened his range. Steinbeck has more in common with Dos Passos, being in some measure a disciple, and a couple of his novels are comparable in subject matter with what Dos Passos has done; but he has also dealt, rather more affectionately, with marginal themes.

Let it be understood that I am using "central" and "marginal," "inclusive" and "exclusive," as descriptive terms with no suggestion of praise or blame. In comparing John Dos Passos with his contemporaries, I am not saying that this is good and that is bad; I am merely trying to show where he stands. He is a writer pre-eminently concerned with a time and a place — that is, with the United States in the first half of the twentieth century — and he wants to know what distinguishes life here and now

GRANVILLE HICKS is a critic and essayist, the author of eight books and innumerable magazine articles. His last previous contribution to the *MERCURY* was a review of several contemporary American novelists, which appeared in "The Library" in October 1946.

from life in other times and places. This means that he is directly occupied with the urban-industrial civilization that has reached its furthest development in this country. Obviously this is not the only field for a novelist to work in; it may even prove in practice to be more than commonly unyielding; but it is the field Dos Passos has chosen, and one can scarcely argue *a priori* that it is unworthy of a serious writer's attention.

Certain qualities of Dos Passos' fiction, some of which have been warmly debated in recent months, can be understood and evaluated only if one bears in mind what he has been trying to do. The charge is made that his characters are flat, and the charge is true. But Dos Passos might perfectly well reply that he intended his characters to be flat and that they had to be flat if he was to accomplish his aims. He is concerned with characters who are representative of twentieth-century America, and he is, furthermore, concerned with them in their representative aspects. As a result, there is a loss, a loss of insight into the deeper, more mysterious reaches of human personality. But let us not forget that there is also a loss when a writer chooses to portray a character as perfectly unique, for, though each of us is unique, each of us is also in some degree representative. A reader may prefer the novelist who deals with the unique, may prefer Dostoyevsky, let us say, to Balzac, but it is folly to ask Balzac to be both

himself and Dostoyevsky. Another novelist would have done something different with J. Ward Morehouse and Eleanor Stoddard and Charley Anderson, and quite possibly would have made more of them than Dos Passos has, but would we then have understood, as we do now, precisely what they are in relation to the contemporary American scene?

Other consequences follow from Dos Passos' choice of theme. For one thing, he cannot possibly know the United States as William Faulkner knows Yoknapatawpha County or as James T. Farrell knows a few Chicago blocks. He has a restless foot and a highly trained eye, and he has done as much as any human being can do, but this is a big country and it has 140 million people in it. Consequently, Dos Passos has to rely on what can only be called sociological generalizations. In other words, his conception of what is representative does depend in part on theories about the country and about this period of history. Every writer has general ideas, but not every writer has ideas about the structure of the society he lives in, and the ideas some writers have on that subject are largely irrelevant to their writings. Dos Passos' general ideas are specifically social and political, and they have to be.

I am not suggesting that Dos Passos went out and got himself a set of social and political theories so that he could write about contemporary America. The reverse would be nearer true. At the beginning of his career

he hated the machine age and tried to get away from it, and one could almost say that it was because he quarreled with existing society that he made an effort to understand it. The fact remains, however, that in every book he has written, the selection of materials has been influenced by the theories he held. I hasten to add that Dos Passos has always been an extraordinarily honest observer, and in both his journalism and his fiction he has set down what he has seen whether it fitted his theories or not. Moreover, as will shortly be pointed out, he has constantly revised his ideas about society. Nevertheless, the dependence on theory has persisted because it is implicit in his aims.

II

In the autumn of 1945 Dos Passos was interviewed by a young radical, who asked him if the Dos Passos of 1919 wouldn't regard the contemporary Dos Passos as an out-and-out reactionary. According to his account of the incident in *Tour of Duty*, Dos Passos replied, "No, I don't think so. I have changed and so have the times." Precisely. Most people do change their social philosophies in the course of a quarter-century, and those who don't almost certainly should. Leaving college in a state of romantic revolt, Dos Passos was pushed in the direction of philosophical anarchism by the disillusionments of the first World War. His dissatisfactions with contemporary society hardened in the

late twenties into a quasi-Communism — a belief that capitalism must be done away with and that the working class could and should establish a new society. Under the impact of the depression, he formed a close alliance with the Communist Party, though merely as a fellow-traveler and never without reservations. Disillusionment with the party set in by early 1934, and was intensified by the trials and purges in Russia. By the end of the thirties, after seeing something of Communists in action in Spain, he was an unqualified opponent of the Stalinist régime. As *The Ground We Stand On* shows, he attempted the systematic formulation of a political philosophy based on traditional American democracy. The formulation, however, refused to stick, and has undergone constant revision in the forties.

If Dos Passos were a social philosopher or were simply a journalist, the changes in his thinking would not have been embarrassing to him or surprising to his readers. Since, however, his political ideas have been part of the very fabric of his novels, and — I must say it again — necessarily so, he has had some tough problems to deal with. A shift in political thinking may do strange things to a writer, as Hemingway demonstrated during his rapid passage through the Communist orbit, and as Faulkner may be in the process of demonstrating now that he has become occupied with the Negro problem. Dos Passos wrote the first volume of *U.S.A.* when he was

drawing closer to Communism, the second volume when he was deeply convinced of the imminence of revolution, and the third after disillusionment had set in. It is a miracle that the work hangs together as well as it does, but the discrepancies are quite apparent and they do detract from its force. The Spotswood trilogy is intentionally looser, and the reader is not so acutely aware of changes in the author's point of view, but he does sense that the events portrayed in the various volumes are not being judged by quite the same standards. This is a risk that Dos Passos, as a man of integrity and as an author who has chosen to portray the social scene, has had to run.

III

It is only against such a background that one can fairly examine Dos Passos' new novel, *The Grand Design*, and the controversy it has aroused. The controversy began with the first reviews of the book, several of which announced (a) that Dos Passos had become a reactionary, and (b) that he had written a bad novel. The counter-attack was led by J. Donald Adams of the *New York Times*, hitherto not conspicuous as an admirer of Dos Passos' work, who insisted that the attacks on Dos Passos were political in their motivation. Mr. Adams was seconded by Isabel Paterson, who pointed out that she had always condemned Dos Passos for the faults that the pro-New Deal reviewers had perceived for the first

time in *The Grand Design*. John Chamberlain, writing in the *New Leader*, was indignant about "the barrage of dead cats that has beaten down on Dos Passos' head for daring to touch on the history of the New Deal epoch," and argued that the author of *The Grand Design* was not only as good a novelist as he had ever been but had kept "his faith in the human being, in the individual."

Some observations may be made at this point. To begin with, the most political and, so far as my reading went, the least fair review of *The Grand Design* appeared in the *Sunday Herald Tribune* (Rep.), and was written by Lloyd Morris, who may be a crypto-Marxist for all I know but has thus far not given many signs of it. Mr. Morris described Dos Passos as "a weary, cynical defender of vested interests," which is just silly, and could find virtually nothing to admire in the novel. Maxwell Geismar, on the other hand, writing in the *Sunday Times*, and writing from what Mr. Adams doubtless regards as a leftist point of view, mingled considerable praise with his condemnation. In the second place, two reviewers who have been conspicuous through the years for their adherence to literary rather than political values — Diana Trilling and Jacques Barzun — strongly asserted what Mr. Adams *et al.* deny, namely, that *The Grand Design* is inferior to *U.S.A.* on literary grounds. I am not going to insist that the defense of Dos Passos by Mr. Adams, Mrs. Paterson and Mr. Chamberlain

was inspired by their political views, but I perceive that political bias is not, as Mr. Adams assumes, a vice peculiar to the left.

Up to a point, of course, criticism of *The Grand Design* has to be political, simply because it is an intensely political book. It not only presents a series of explicit judgments on political issues; these judgments permeate the entire work. As I have already said, the kind of fiction Dos Passos writes has to have representative characters, and his conception of representativeness necessarily rests on his idea of the society he is portraying. If, then, we find Messrs. Cowley and Chamberlain engaging in an exchange of "'Tis so" and "'Tain't so," that is not a relapse into childishness but a natural consequence of Dos Passos' methods. Even the structure of the book is determined by political considerations, for Dos Passos had to cover a period of eight years in order to portray the New Deal. This is important, for one of the major weaknesses of the novel is the way it is thrown together. The characters merely pop in and out until, on page 116, the author reaches the spring of 1940 and can get down to business.

What is Dos Passos' political position? In an interview that appeared in the *Herald Tribune* after some of the reviews were in, he expressed surprise that he was considered an enemy of the New Deal as a whole. "I have written with enthusiasm about its early stages," he said. The interviewer

continued, "It was Mr. Roosevelt's foreign — not domestic — policy that disappointed him." And it is true that Dos Passos, after his disillusionment with Communism, did find something to admire in the New Deal. It is also true that in *The Grand Design* he portrays the eagerness with which his "good" New Dealers, such as Millard Carroll and Paul Graves, entered upon their tasks. But in the novel it is apparent from the outset that the enthusiasm of Carroll and Graves is destined to be betrayed. In the background is the sinister figure of the President, and in the foreground is the character known as Walker Watson, who combines the worst features of Henry Wallace and Harry Hopkins. The reader knows well enough that the "good" New Dealers don't have a chance; they are victims, suckers; they may be righteous, but they cannot save Sodom. John Chamberlain says that Dos Passos didn't write about the achievements of the New Deal he admires, such as TVA and SEC, because they were "tangential to the story of *The Grand Design*, which is a story of how Big Administration stifles the creative activity of the average good-enough human being." But isn't this an admission that Dos Passos selected his materials in such a way as to condemn the New Deal lock, stock and barrel?

It does not follow, however, that he is "a weary, cynical defender of vested interests." "Weary" may be an apt adjective, but the rest of the phrase overshoots the mark. Far from

being cynical, Dos Passos has all of his old sympathy and affection for people who get pushed around. Far from defending special privilege, he is attacking the vested interests of the politicians and bureaucrats. As Chamberlain points out, Dos Passos has always been a belligerent individualist, with a persistent leaning towards anarchism. His original quarrel with capitalism, going even further back than World War I to his college days, grew out of the feeling that mass production and the profit system were crushing the individual. For a time he was able to convince himself that a socialist revolution would bring liberation, but one has only to read his contributions to the monthly *New Masses* in the late twenties and early thirties to see how much of an individualist he was even in the years when he was close to the Communist Party. Now it is simply a fact that Big Administration, to use Chamberlain's term, is a menace to individual liberty — not the only menace, maybe not the greatest menace, but a menace. During the New Deal, Big Administration may have been less dangerous than Dos Passos thinks; it may have been less dangerous than any conceivable alternative; but there were tendencies in the New Deal that were bound to disturb anyone who was watching what went on in the rest of the world. As I have said, I think that Dos Passos loads the dice against the New Deal in this book. But that scarcely makes him a reactionary.

IV

On the other hand, I cannot go along with those who maintain that there have been no significant changes in Dos Passos. There is no point in offering another lengthy discussion of structure, characterization, style, and so on. I shall merely say that the Spotswood trilogy seems to me measurably inferior to *U.S.A.*, and I have re-read both within the past two months. Something has gone out of Dos Passos' work. Geismar speaks of "a collapse of values," and Irving Howe, writing in *Tomorrow*, has an even better phrase: "the loss of passion." I cannot imagine what Mr. Adams is thinking of when he says, "For vitality and vividness I will stack *The Grand Design* against any one of the three panels of *U.S.A.*" The book has only a few scenes, notably the description of the Communist memorial meeting, that suggest what Dos Passos was almost constantly capable of fifteen years ago.

Furthermore, I cannot accept John Chamberlain's minimization of the changes in Dos Passos' political and social outlook. If it is narrowly partisan to call him a reactionary, it is quite false to suggest that he has remained a libertarian crusader. We are dealing here not merely with a succession of modifications in his thinking about politics, but with a fundamental shift of feeling — something that amounts to a change of heart. When it was published, *Three Soldiers* was attacked as a bitter and

disillusioned book, but in his introduction to the Modern Library edition (1932) Dos Passos spoke of the great hopefulness he felt in the spring of 1919 when he wrote it. This hopefulness underlay all his bitter books — *Manhattan Transfer*, *The 42nd Parallel*, 1919. Even *The Big Money*, written after he had grown skeptical about revolution and therefore much bleaker in his outlook than readers had been led to expect, gives off some echo of the earlier hope. But after 1936 Dos Passos came increasingly to feel that the likeliest alternative to capitalism was something vastly worse — totalitarianism on either the Russian or the German model. In the twenties and thirties he had faced the evils of the world with confidence and passion because he believed there was a good by which they could be supplanted. Now what had once seemed a good was added to the host of evils.

It is true that scores of writers have gone through a similar experience in the past two decades and that few of them have been affected so deeply or for so long a time as Dos Passos. He was specially vulnerable because, as I have said, his aims and actions as a writer were so intimately bound up with his political attitudes. The effect of the upheaval was two-fold — intellectual and emotional. From 1919 to 1936, Dos Passos believed that the capitalist system was headed for disaster, and he further believed, with some shifts of emphasis, that a better society would come

out of the cataclysm. This, as Cowley has said, was an illusion, but it proved to be what James Branch Cabell used to call a dynamic illusion. Marxism — or at any rate a concept of historical processes that owed a lot to Marx — gave Dos Passos a means of interpreting and unifying and simplifying the vast and chaotic body of material he had chosen to deal with. Since giving up Marxism, he has found nothing that would serve that purpose.

But Dos Passos lost more than a useful set of ideas. Irving Howe writes, "It is the peculiar triumph of *U.S.A.* that when judged as a totality the weakness of its component parts seems inconsequential. The secret of this triumph is, I think, in the novel's pervasive passion, its author's uncontrollable feeling rushing through it like a stream of blood." This passion has vanished. Like most of us, Dos Passos can be passionately against something only if he is passionately for something else. He is against almost everything he writes about in *The Grand Design*, but his opposition is bewildered, ill-tempered, often petulant, never passionate. Edmund Wilson, reviewing *State of the Nation* back in 1944, felt that the world had moved away from Dos Passos and that his imagination was not involved with his material in quite the same way it once had been. The fact that many reviewers of *The Grand Design* have spoken in much the same terms is not to be brushed off as a political conspiracy.

And to what conclusions does one

come? Why, simply, that Dos Passos is not what President Truman called Drew Pearson and that *The Grand Design* isn't a very good novel. One might go on and point out that it is terribly difficult to do what Dos Passos has been trying to do all his life and that he deserves more credit than he is currently receiving for such suc-

cesses as he has had. Like Malcolm Cowley, I feel that Donald Adams and John Chamberlain are much too willing to proclaim that Dos Passos was never much of a novelist anyway. I hope that various other critics are equally wrong in saying that he is finished. But whether he is or he isn't, his achievement stands.

MY MUSE TO ME

BY CHARLOTTE LOUISE GROOM

Wear in your mind my lamp and let it shine
Deep down the shaft of self to your heart's core;
Dig out the substance of your saltiest mine
For tears, lay pick to laughter's golden ore,
Out of the pit gouge jewel-words your own.
Dig till emotion from its fiery sleep
Breaks like a giant through the ashy cone
Of cumbrous thought in one quick-jetting leap.
When inspiration chills, my hand will sow
Your thought with seeds of grief and ecstasy,
Whose roots crack open stony hearts, to grow
Into a green, an ever-bearing tree.
These are my gifts — not riches, not renown,
But steep to conquer and my leaves for crown.

THE CHECK LIST



PHILOSOPHY

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE: ITS SCOPE AND LIMITS, by Bertrand Russell. \$5.00. *Simon & Schuster*. Here Mr. Russell states his epistemological theory in detail and with vast learning. He begins with a general analysis of the world of science, and follows it up with a consideration of the rôle of language and perception in scientific methodology. Finally, he takes up the all-important subject of probability, the backbone of scientific knowledge. He points out that there are degrees of knowing, but that in the end "all human knowledge is uncertain, inexact and partial." He remains an empiricist in epistemology, but he hastens to add, "Empiricism as a theory of knowledge has proved inadequate, though less so than any other previous theory of knowledge." This is hardly a book for anyone save the professional philosopher, but he will find it a mine of philosophical insight — and a wonderful specimen of lucid writing about abstruse subjects.

INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK, by Arthur Koestler. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. A pretentious and ill-advised attempt on the part of Mr. Koestler to develop a unified theory of aesthetics, ethics, psychology and epistemology. Beginning with a fairly entertaining and comparatively lucid analysis of the comic, he leads his reader, throughout a rather devious chain of reasoning, to an all-inclusive theory embracing virtually all the ethical and psychological activities of men. It is possible that he has evolved a

theory and that he understands it. But, perhaps because the theory is so complex, Mr. Koestler seems unable to express his ideas with any clarity. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will return speedily to writing fiction.

NOTES TOWARDS THE DEFINITION OF CULTURE, by T. S. Eliot. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. The 1948 winner of the Nobel Prize in literature here attempts, in his own words, "to help to define a word, the word *culture*." In the very introduction he states what seems to be his chief thesis, namely, that "no culture has appeared or developed except together with a religion: according to the point of view of the observer, the culture will appear to be the product of the religion, or the religion the product of the culture." He also holds that "the culture of the individual is dependent upon the culture of a group or class, and that the culture of the group or class is dependent upon the culture of the whole society to which that group or class belongs," and that "a people should be neither too united nor too divided, if its culture is to flourish." These and similar obviosities Mr. Eliot presents in rather opaque and pompous prose and the general impression left with the reader is that the eminent poet really has nothing to contribute to his subject.

BIOGRAPHY

THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN, by Frederick Lewis Allen. \$3.50. *Harper*. Like David Shub's biography of Lenin, this

volume is dedicated to the proposition that a man who works single-mindedly and energetically at his career, and who does not allow his vision to be blurred by self-questioning, has a good chance of becoming a titan. Mr. Allen's Morgan is a man of simple faiths, with a passion for order and system. He regards the cut-throat business competition of the late nineteenth century as so much foolishness, and as a blot upon the United States besides. In the process of clearing the jungle of *laissez faire*, he finds it necessary to buy up a number of railroads and other enterprises, but he is moved in such transactions less by a lust for power than by his own conception of the national welfare. Mr. Allen holds no brief for Morgan: he makes it plain that his protagonist was basically a narrow-minded man and that on several occasions he was a horrible blunderer. But he also demonstrates that Morgan was a good deal more than the "robber-baron" school of history has made him out to be. An immensely readable book.

DEATH BE NOT PROUD, *A Memoir*, by John Gunther. \$2.50. *Harper*. Mr. Gunther's seventeen-year-old son, John Gunther, Jr., died in 1947, after more than a year of a grim battle with a brain cancer. Here the father relates the various attempts made, first at arresting, second at alleviating the pain of, the dread growth. And he also reveals what a brilliant and truly astounding boy his son was. He quotes from his conversations and his letters and he does it all with such profound feeling that it is impossible to read parts of it without having a lump come to one's throat. It is easily Mr. Gunther's best book, and it doubtless will be read for a long, long time. There is nothing else remotely like it in all American writing.

FEMALE PERSUASION, *Six Strong-Minded Women*, by Margaret Farrand Thorp. \$3.75. *Yale*. The six strong-minded women of the sub-title are Catherine E. Beecher, Jane G. Swisshelm, Amelia Bloomer, "Grace Greenwood" (Sara J. C. Lippincott),

Louisa S. McCord, and L. Maria Child. They all lived in the nineteenth century and they all labored heroically to show the world that women are "human beings, too," fit to perform most of the activities, in industry and the professions, that men perform. Mrs. Thorp writes out of a vast knowledge of her heroines, and she reveals an extraordinary skill in the use of the English language. There are several interesting reproductions of photographs and a number of other illustrations.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON BY-LINE, by Bess Furman. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Bess Furman went to Washington as a reporter a few months after Herbert Hoover became President. Her personal story of those twenty years as a capital newsman—for the Associated Press, the OWI and the New York *Times*—runs through the distaff sides of three Presidents' administrations, the political doings of as many political conventions and campaign trains, the moving spots of history which are the lot of a "general assignment" reporter. The friendly, objective report of those years offers a splendid insight into the life and workings of a Washington newspaperwoman. It is particularly notable for its warm and perceptive portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, whom Miss Furman "covered" through all her White House years.

THE TRUMAN PROGRAM. \$2.95. *Public Affairs Press*. President Truman's major public addresses and messages to Congress during the past two years are here reprinted. There is a very generous selection of campaign speeches. Senator Francis J. Myers, a pro-Truman man from before November 2, supplies an introduction. He says that on November 2 the "American people . . . reached a new level of political maturity. . . . Mr. Truman convinced them in his campaign and in his record that he was indeed the true inheritor of the Roosevelt mantle of liberalism." Obviously useful as a reference volume.

THE SCIENCES

THE LIFE OF SCIENCE LIBRARY.

Henry Schuman. Because of their startling and somewhat sensational nature, recent developments have awakened a widespread interest in science. There has been, however, little or no corresponding revival of interest in the history of science, even though an adequate understanding of most of the important advances of the past few years depends upon a knowledge of their antecedents. For the most part, even the scientists themselves have neglected this vitally important study. Pursued in this manner, with no concern for its background either in men or in ideas, the study of science degenerates into a search for techniques, devoid of any humanistic orientation, isolated from the general development and growth of civilization. *The Life of Science Library* will do a good deal to turn both scientists and general readers toward a study of the men and the ideas which have contributed to modern science. Approaching the history of science from a humanistic rather than a chronological or a technical point of view, these attractive and extremely readable little volumes merit widespread attention. Seven volumes of the series have already been published, each one written by an outstanding authority. Nearly 100 authors are now engaged in writing additional books for the *Library*. The keynote volume in the series, *The Life of Science*, is a delightful and thought-provoking collection of essays by Prof. George Sarton of Harvard, one of the pioneers in the study of science from the cultural and humanistic point of view. This collection of essays, ranging in subject matter from a scholarly treatment of the contributions of the East to science to appreciations of such scientists as Leonardo, Evariste Galois and Ernest Renan, exemplifies the general approach to science as merely one phase of the general cultural development of mankind rather than as a highly specialized field pursued by strange men and women in aseptically cloistered laboratories. Other volumes, thus far, are: *Victory Over Pain*, a history of anesthesia by Victor Robinson;

Benjamin Silliman, a biography of one of the founders of American science, by John H. Fulton and Elizabeth H. Thomson; *Sun Stand Thou Still*, the life and works of Copernicus, by Angus Armitage; *The Story of the Ship*, by Charles E. Gibson; *Scientists and Amateurs*, a history of the Royal Society by Dorothy Stimson; and *Sons of Science*, the story of the Smithsonian Institution and its leaders by Paul H. Oehser. Each one of these volumes, which range in price from \$3 to \$4, is a gem of scholarship and historical writing.

ALLERGY: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT, by Harry Swartz. \$2.75. *Rutgers.* Dr. Swartz, a practicing New York allergist, has here written a simple, clear, and, on occasion, exciting popular account of the subject of allergy. He goes at length into the physical symptoms and causes, but he also takes pains to show that emotions play a very great part in the causation and continuation of allergy, and that some allergic conditions can be relieved only by psychiatric treatment. There are special sections on the allergies of children, on industry and allergy, and on the relationship of allergy to other diseases. A good glossary and a detailed index round out a very useful book.

YOUR COUGHS, COLDS AND WHEEZES, by Dr. Joseph D. Wassersug. \$2.95. *Funk.* Dr. Wassersug, whose medical articles are well known to readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, here considers the most important lung ailments, from the ordinary cold to growths in the respiratory apparatus, and from influenza to Hodgkin's disease. He writes clearly and within the comprehension of the intelligent layman.

FICTION

THE FIRES OF SPRING, by James A. Michener. \$3.50. *Random House.* James Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific* may have been a trifle sentimental and over-picturesque to warrant the praise which was

lavished upon it, but it contained some clean, taut prose and exposed a sensitive, gifted writer. *The Fires of Spring* is, in comparison, so maudlin and over-written as to suggest that it is the re-writing of an earlier book. Mr. Michener, being really a good writer, has written a novel which is far from the worst of its sort, but it betrays the naïve faith of many American novelists that any sizable hunk of youthful experience is, by itself, the beginning and end of a successful work of art.

THE DUKAYS, by Lajos Zilahy. \$3.50. *Prentice-Hall*. One can only wonder reverently at the seemingly inexhaustible strength of the author as he pours out the tiniest details of the lives of this noble Hungarian clan of questionably noble principles. Mr. Zilahy presents us here with a family history, dating from medieval times, and then he goes back to pick up the active members of the tribe and silhouette them against the changing modern era from the reign of Franz Josef to the start of Hitler's conquests. The Dukays are noble by divine right, or so they assure themselves. They devote their every waking moment to steadfast dissipation in youth, and support of the monarchy in dubious maturity. There have been, of course, the few inevitable liberal rebels who chose consorts from the lower classes, and who were thenceforth righteously ignored by their indignant relatives. Luckily for us all, Mr. Zilahy relishes his task, and writes with tongue in cheek, taking uncommon delight in deliberately ruffling the dignity of these egotistic people. However, eight hundred pages of detailed state dinners, descriptions of royal wardrobes, aristocratic gossip, etc., can have a soporific effect.

MISCELLANEOUS

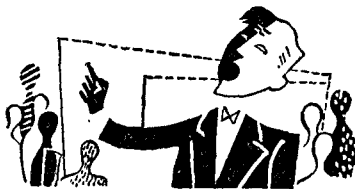
THE PORTABLE VOLTAIRE, edited with an introduction by Ben Ray Redman. \$2.00. *Viking*. Another in the series of Viking Portables, and one of the best. Mr. Redman's long introduction is one of the finest

brief discussions of Voltaire in English, very well informed, judicious in its analysis, and written with both force and grace. He presents, in their entirety, *Candide* (Part One), *Zadig*, *Micromegas*, and *Story of a Good Brahmin*, and he gives generous selections from the essays, the letters, and the *Philosophical Dictionary*.

THE LANGUAGE OF WISDOM AND FOLLY, *Background Readings in Semantics*, edited and with an introduction by Irving J. Lee. \$4.00. *Harper*. A useful, and often fascinating, anthology that is perhaps as good an introduction to semantics as is now available to the intelligent layman. The emphasis in Professor Lee's selection has been on non-technical material: few of the contributions were written by professional semanticists, and fewer still were intended for scholarly audiences. Among the highlights are William James, on the misguided passion of some writers for conciseness; George Boas, on "statistical thinking" and its dangers; and Morris Cohen, in a witty essay on ceremonial expressions.

IN ANGER AND PITY, by Robert Magidoff. \$2.95. *Doubleday*. Mr. Magidoff, it will be recalled, is the McGraw-Hill correspondent who was framed by the MVD last year and expelled from Russia for "spying." He is still uncertain what brought on his expulsion. The review of the case in the opening chapters of this book makes it appear that the Russians expected him to take refuge at the American Embassy after the charges were made, and he suggests, plausibly, that their real aim may have been to implicate our ambassador in espionage activities. In any case, the episode seems to have shaken whatever sympathy Mr. Magidoff once had for the USSR. His recollections of various Russians he knew, and what became of them, his essays on the state of the arts under Stalin, and his autobiographical chapters add up to another indictment of the régime. The book is pitched on a light, rather gossipy level, but most of it makes for good reading.

THE OPEN FORUM



COMMUNISM AND THE INTELLECTUALS

SIR: Sidney Hook's article on "Communism and the Intellectuals" in the February *MERCURY* was just about the best essay, of any kind, that I can recall having read in any general magazine. I don't know of another writer in the country who can match his erudition, his talents for logical analysis, and his literary craftsmanship. About eight years ago I had the privilege of studying philosophy under Professor Hook at New York University. I can honestly say that his classes were a continual inspiration.

HOWARD BERGER

Washington, D. C.

TRUE LIBERALISM AND SLEEPING GIANTS

SIR: In the February *MERCURY*, Clarence Budington Kelland, a prominent Republican, admits in effect that there is no real difference between his party and the Democratic party. . . . [See "Why the Republicans Lost."]

Conservatives should stand up and fight for the timeless principles that made this nation strong and free. There is a cliché that a third party cannot succeed. But the Republicans originated as a third party, and shortly after their birth they elected Lincoln and ruled the country for years. Conservatives in this country today are a sleeping giant. . . .

This nation needs an American conserva-

tive party that will stand up and fight for the truly liberal and progressive American system.

LLOYD E. PRICE

Fort Worth, Tex.

COLD WAR II

SIR: In his excellent article in your March issue ["The Only Way to Rearm Europe"], Major de Seversky tellingly presents the case for strategic air power. Unfortunately, he only partly covers the ground, possibly because of limitations of space. To grasp this, one need only presume that Major de Seversky is correct in his assumptions (as he probably is) and that his advice were to be adopted and that we would win the coming war with the Soviet Union, as he outlines it.

We would then find, on the day of victory, a Soviet completely defeated, forced back to the confines of Russia, leaving behind a plundered and largely destroyed Europe, but dominating or maybe actually ruling a Communist India and Far East. Again we would face, as at the end of World War II, a world half slave, half free, with rumblings of discontent among the 400 million Europeans fanned by Communist propaganda instead of Communist bayonets. Cold War II would succeed World War III, as Cold War I succeeded World War II.

If we are ever to live in that One World of our dreams, Major de Seversky must look farther ahead, to the peace beyond World War III, and all over the Globe — not only in Europe. When he has taken this longer

look and found the answer, maybe he will see that it is possible to win World War III and an enduring peace without fighting another unnecessary war — a war even more unnecessary than Churchill claims World War II to have been. But possibly that is more than one can hope for — it would take brains, courage and moral principles, for all of which we look in vain.

ALFRED KOHLBERG

New York City

BOUQUETS

SIR: As a graduate of Bluffton College, Bluffton, Ohio (which is a fresh-water college), and as a friend of several Bob Jones University devotees, I have found the BJU controversy delightful reading. [See "The Open Forum" for February and March.] My compliments to: (1) Author William Hines for ably defending his point of view about Bob Jones University; and (2) BJU for getting such wide publicity through your columns.

WILLIAM T. SNYDER

Akron, Pa.

[On this non-partisan note, we hereby bring to a close the battle in these pages over the merits of Bob Jones University. The original brief comments on the university by William Hines in his article on "The Fresh-Water Colleges" last December have brought forth upon us an avalanche of mail; prime ministers, editors, education commissioners, and founders of universities have written to us in protest, and we have printed some 3500 of their words, with Mr. Hines' rejoinders, in "The Open Forum." Enough, we feel, is enough. — THE EDITORS]

MR. STERN COMES TO THE RESCUE

SIR: When everyone gangs up on your wife, the only thing to do is to take up the cudgels in her behalf. That is why I think I should be the one to write the over-all commentary on the "Open Forum" letters ad-

dressed to my wife's article, "Women Are Household Slaves" [by Edith M. Stern, in the January issue].

The diverse views expressed in your March issue are: (1) a woman is a slave only if she thinks she is; (2) unmarried women lead a worse life; (3) you can cure the evil by race suicide; (4) it is really the husband who occupies slave status; (5) the author is biased because she gets no assistance from the rest of her family; (6) the ideas expressed are old hat and untrue; and (7) the article indicates our decadence. The only thing these letters have in common is that they are unfavorable.

Of course, the innuendoes and direct cracks about the author's husband hit me first. I can't see why a wife should adore washing the dishes merely because her husband loves her, nor do I understand the inevitable compatibility of making up sonnets and beds. And as one who knows, may I assure your readers that Edith M. Stern gets cooperation in housework from our daughter and me. Her "squawk" was in no way personal, but a plea for a large, unfortunate group, whose members were evidently too preoccupied with housework to read the article, much less to write commendatory letters about it.

What each correspondent seems to have missed is the humor, which neatly skewered the absurd idea that the average housewife is pampered. After all, the article was not as grimly serious as some of your readers seem to think.

WILLIAM A. STERN 2ND

Silver Spring, Md.

DEATH AND TAXES

SIR: The article in the March MERCURY on "How to Live Longer" [by Francis and Katharine Drake] was well written, etc. — but under the present setup in the United States, articles like that should be discouraged.

Don't help the people live to that "ripe old age," especially the widows. The doctors have made us live too long. They have made us live until our usefulness is gone; and with the high cost of living and taxes which are

eating all our life savings away, we are on the verge of starvation. . . .

EDITH HALL FRANK

Northport, N. Y.

for little children, *could not* have authorized the above passage as it is. . . .

GEO. H. HAZZARD

San Diego, Cal.

WHAT DID JESUS MEAN?

SIR: In the March *MERCURY* [see "The Soap Box"], the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses of Chapter fourteen of St. Luke's Gospel were quoted in part: ". . . if any man come to me and hate not his father and mother . . . he cannot be my disciple."

P. M. U., your correspondent from New Mexico, who finds this passage so shocking, ought to have read the parallel . . . portion of St. Matthew's Gospel, tenth chapter, thirty-seventh to thirty-ninth verses: "He who loves his father more than me is not worthy of me."

Common sense (and a realization that the Gospel has passed from the Aramaic to the Greek to the Latin, and thence to the English) would indicate that Christ meant not to hate your parents, but to love them less.

Your printing such a quotation out of context, with no explanation, seems to me below par for American journalism.

JACOB R. TIETJE

New York City

SIR: Regarding P. M. U.'s letter in the March "Soap Box," in which he calls attention to the sadistic heartlessness of a hard-boiled Jesus Christ —

The writer's attention is hereby called to the probability that, during the centuries Holy Writ was being edited, interpreted and garbled, errors naturally crept in and remained. In the verse he quotes from St. Luke (" . . . if any man come to me and hate not his father and mother . . ."), the word *not* has been interpolated either by some stupid anti-Christ or because of a typographical error. A Messiah Who has been called "the first true gentleman that ever lived," and Who was the first to advocate kind treatment

SIR: . . . P. M. U. is sadly misinterpreting the Scripture. "Hate" in this context simply means, "be ready to give up if necessary." That is the only possible meaning when we remember that Christ also said, Love your neighbor as yourselves, Do good to them that persecute you, Suffer the little children to come unto me, etc. . . .

CYRIL CLEMENS

Webster Groves, Mo.

SIR: . . . I suggest that P. M. U. read *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy. I feel sure it will answer his question. It can be obtained at any Christian Science reading room, or at the public library in his home town.

SALLYE BANDOMIRE

Evanston, Ill.

BULLIES AND PACIFISTS

SIR: "Pacifism and Democracy," by George W. Hartmann, seems to me one of the most valuable articles I've read in the *MERCURY*. [See the February issue.] This despite my disagreement with the pacifists on almost every count. I cannot understand allowing a wolf to eat my chickens because my judgment of the character of the raider is "suspect." . . .

One point Mr. Hartmann does not raise is the Christian one. The ban against killing is categorical and unqualified. Self-defense is not even excepted. I do not see how any Christian can countenance killing under any circumstances whatever. This is one of the many reasons I do not claim to be a Christian. . . .

MAX L. CONNER

Alameda, Cal.

SIR: You were certainly generous to give six pages of your February issue to G. W. Hartmann's "Pacifism and Democracy." I



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remember as a boy in an English "public school" a big bully used to knock me about in the playground while the masters walked by. That constant bullying nearly cost me my life when diphtheria struck me.

The participation of the USA in the wars of 1776, 1812 and later in 1917 and 1941 was, as I see it, an honorable attempt to stop big bullies. And the world in my judgment would be a very much worse place if the USA had not fought. That's why I honor Washington and the heroes of Valley Forge, Wilson and Pershing, FDR and Eisenhower.

And I do not believe that "our highest allegiance is to the human species as a whole." That's too indefinite. We shall do more good if we pledge allegiance to our own country and work to make it a country with liberty and justice for all, a country which may indeed be an example to others, a beacon-light for all mankind.

As to the eight propositions of Mr. Hartmann's pacifist credo, just stop and ask yourself: What would the world have been if Hitler had become dominant with power to decree genocide, concentration camps, labor slavery, with abolition of all representative government? What he actually did in murdering 6 million Jews he would have done, and worse, to Churchill's hated English and the even more hated Americans!

HERBERT LEE

Santa Barbara, Cal.

SIR: I cannot follow Mr. Hartmann in his conclusions. He cites St. Paul, who was one of the most aggressive of the apostles. . . .

Gandhi was fortunate in that he had fair-minded England as his opponent. Put him (if he were alive) behind the Iron Curtain, and see how far he would get with his program. . . .

Take the first objective first. Get behind the United Nations and help make that work. That is the first step in the right direction — and a very big one.

LYLE C. LORD

Cincinnati, O.

SIR: Mr. Conner's gentle irony adds an extra point to my original itemized argument, for he rightly notes that war is always

a repudiation of even nominal *Christianity*, whereas I confined my non-denominational treatment to exhibiting war as an abandonment of the spirit and methods of secular *democracy*.

With Mr. Lee's desire to make America "a beacon-light for all mankind" by working for "liberty and justice for all," I heartily concur. I also share his antipathy to "big bullies," although the record shows that in 1812, the United States was oddly enough a *de facto* ally of Napoleon, the Hitler of that period. Lincoln and other good Americans thought their country played the bully in the Mexican War; the Bryanites and other honorable anti-imperialists felt much the same way about the conflict with Spain and the Filipinos. Our queer alliance with Stalin — a true bully if there ever was one — from 1941 to 1945 helped sustain and enlarge the Politburo's power to decree "concentration camps, labor slavery, and abolition of representative government." Does one stop murder by aiding one murderous gang to slay the members of another? When the out-pointed anti-pacifist argues *in extremis*, "Imagine how much worse the world would be today had there been no wars," he is in effect urging, "Let's have more wars and make the world better than it would be without them." Is this a proposition to be entertained seriously?

Mr. Lord may not know that most pacifists support, albeit somewhat critically, the United Nations and would give their right hands to help strengthen the UN — or any other international body — if that sacrifice would ensure permanent peace. But organizations cannot rise above the level of the attitudes which sustain them. . . .

Militarists of all shades are beginning to sense that (a) the facts of history and the social sciences are largely against them; (b) the ethical principles implicit in the democratic ideal give them little or no support; and (c) the pacifist position challenges a war-making culture to its very roots. Some day the utter stupidity, barbarity, and futility of all wars will be recognized. Then democracy will have a chance to go places.

GEORGE W. HARTMANN

New York City

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